









Sir A. B. T. Wrey.

LETTERS

ON THE

PAST AND PRESENT

FOXHOUNDS

OF

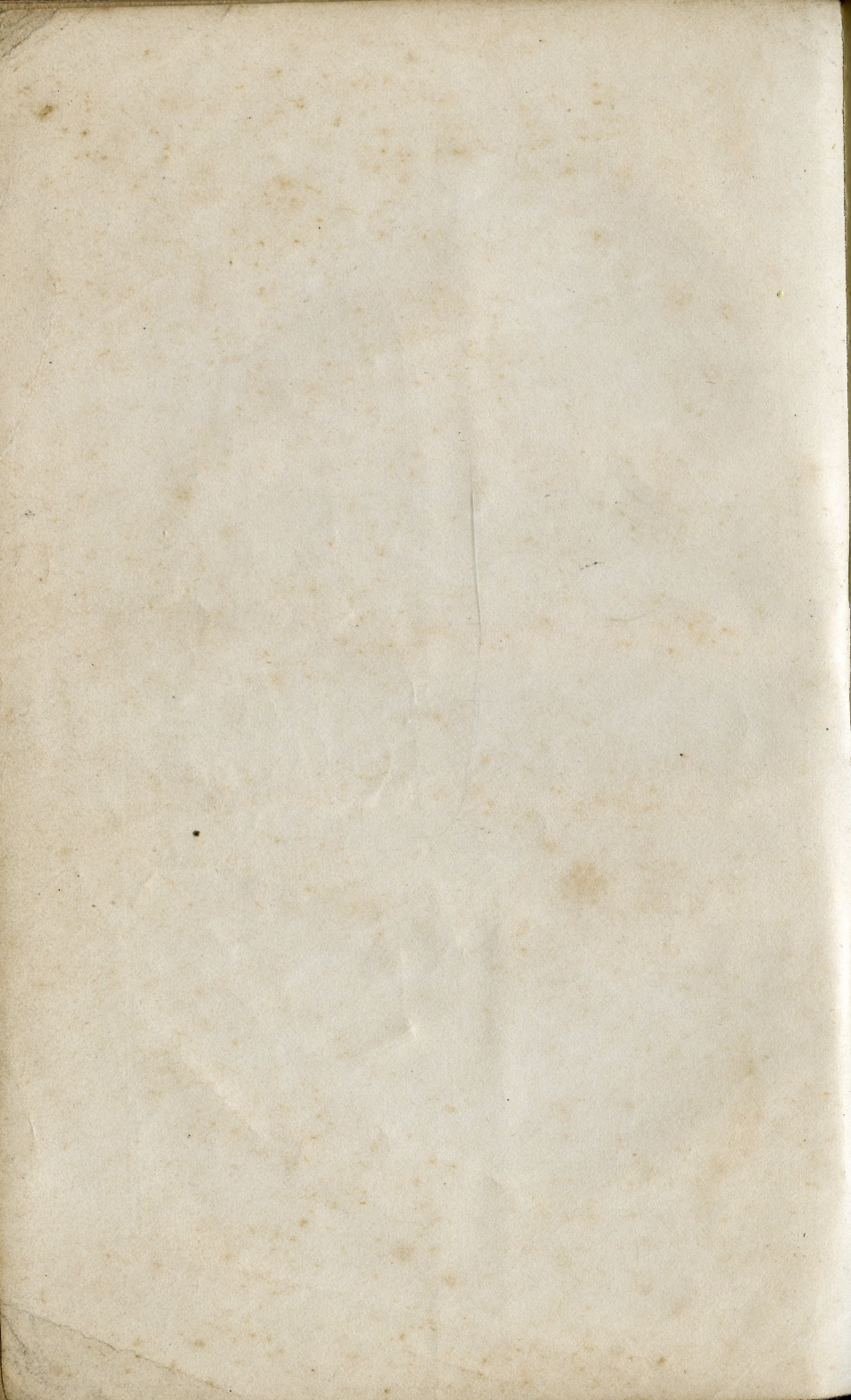
DEVONSHIRE.

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BY C. A. H.  
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1861.



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TO PAUL OURRY TREBY, ESQ.,  
"THE FOXHUNTER ROUGH AND READY,"

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED  
BY HIS BROTHER SPORTSMAN AND FRIEND  
OF MANY YEARS,

C. A. H.,

THE DEVONIAN OF 1828.



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## LETTERS, &c.

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### I.

RARELY does the treatment of matter solely appertaining to sporting come within the province of a public and political writer. The nationality, however, to which fox-hunting lays a just claim, brings it within the scope of a criticism that purposes to deal with subjects bearing upon and conducing to public advantage. This, its most essential characteristic, clothes it with an importance that would place its recreative results, to a certain degree, in a less prominent aspect, and public and political writers are called upon to assert the position of national importance in positive and determined terms. Foreigners, impelled by the enthusiasm that animates, in a far higher degree formerly than in the present day, a follower of the chase, have attempted to prosecute the sport in their own country. Hounds, horses and men have been imported into strange lands, and have partially succeeded for a moment, and for a moment only, in imitating the wild fox-chase of England; but hounds degenerated—the horses were not brought out in fitting condition, and the huntsmen were subject to interruption, and often to an heterodox tuition not less ludicrous than mortifying. Thus, after a time, the dissatisfied servants began to long after the flesh-pots of Egypt,—the roast beef of old England and the flowing tankard,—and, abandoning the vinous acidities and the ranal mess of pottage, they returned with joyfulness to the land where their services could be properly appreciated, and generously rewarded.



The nature of the foxhound is peculiar to England; his kennel management has been the result of long and watchful experience, and his introduction to and conduct in the field has occupied the deliberate attention of more than one strong intellect, as it has employed the pen of more than one practised writer. To master his propensities, and to adapt them to the exigencies of country and climate, is a task not to be learnt by intuition, and to be successful requires a long and diligent study of the character both of the hound himself and also of the wild animal which he is called upon to pursue. A thorough knowledge of hunting exacts an intimacy with the habits of the fox not less than those of the hound. The silver horn at the saddle does not always warrant the necessary qualification of command. It may be assumed by the empiric with a fatal facility, and the more ancient of years may be the august impostor, the more assured will be the griefs in necessitous consequence. When, however, the impulsive ardour of the youthful fox-hunter is carefully devoted to the science of hunting and not of racing,—when he prizes and fully appreciates what Cicero terms the “*canum alacritas in venando*,” then that same youthful ardour will be the sure herald of success. It will give him patience in quest, perseverance under difficulty, and elicit that electric spark of ready wit that will enable him, in an instant, to perceive and to seize upon the clue of remedy, so as to overcome the passing dilemma—to recover his line, and to kill his fox.

This simple accidence of hunting is thoroughly ungenial and unintelligible to the foreigner—good fellow though he may be, and bold rider as he often is. He cannot stifle the irrepressible longing for a gun whenever he sees a fox go gallantly away; for it has been his accustomed habit, and although the second nature may be decently held in check externally, the internal spirit yearns for the “*fusil à chasse*.” To show the inability of



foreigners to understand the canons of hunting—one nobleman having procured eighteen couples of hounds, ordered his keeper, who officiated as huntsman, to be in readiness on a certain day, when he was coming to his *château* with a party of friends to hunt for a fortnight, consecutively, Sundays included; and the mutilated and worn-out pack were shut up for a month afterwards in their kennel, awaiting another “*tour de chasse*.” Another person upon being requested by a lady, in the merry month of May, to shew her his hounds, ordered them, half-an-hour after having been fed, to be thrown into covert. Again, in a certain continental subscription pack, the members are bound to ride in strict reference to the amount of their subscription. If an eager five-pounder hustles and passes a torpid ten-pounder, the remonstrance is vivid: “Ah mâtin, s-crr-crr-nom du diable, qu’est ce que tu fais là donc—malhonnête? Où vas tu? Eh? s-crr-crr-nom! Je suis numero dix moi—vois-tu—gredin?” “Gare—gare—pardon,” exclaims a one-pounder, as on a half broken colt in a plain snaffle bridle, to be correctly English, he topples over both his scheduled superiors in monetary position, and the sonorous F’s and B’s of the French alphabet, without the delicate sub-division of Uncle Toby, are poured forth in profuse and reciprocal crimination.

There is a better state of things at Pau in the Ardennes and in Germany; yet, even in these localities, the very best are ludicrous failures, and it may be asserted as an axiom that fox-hunting, properly so called, is unknown out of England, and belongs essentially to the old country. Its nationality is real—exclusive and historical.

“In thee alone, fair land of liberty,  
Is bred the perfect hound, in search and speed  
As yet unrivall’d,—while in other climes  
This virtue fails—a weak, degenerate race.”

SOMERVILLE.



Nevertheless, change, reform, innovation, or whatever name may be given to characterise a desire to improve, or a yearning after novelty, has reached even the precincts of the kennel and the domain of the hunting field. Pace has become the primary, and hunting the secondary qualification of the modern foxhound; and this displacement of cause and effect has materially altered the quality of the amusement, and curtailed much of its enjoyment. Hunting to ride instead of riding to hunt, is the prevailing dictate of the hour, and unless a check be given to the immediate consequence, that is to say, to the vicious tendency, of breeding for pace and externality, foxhounds will gradually subside into the pitiful state of a handsome lot of gazehounds. An imposing forehand, straight limbs, clean ankles, powerful loins and well developed quarters may give speed, and be pleasing, by symmetry, to the eye; but if these properties be not accompanied by that of hunting ability, and the gift of tongue, they are nothing worth. The best pack of foxhounds is that which can hold on the fastest upon a half scent, increasing the pace until they kill, and this cannot be achieved except by such as stoop accurately and acknowledge the scent. A large portion of mute hounds—a prevailing failure—so run from jealousy, encouraged by an impatient desire of pace on the part of the huntsman, to please first, and secondly to get out of the way of a fashionable and imbecile field.

Let it not be supposed, however, that it is intended to depreciate the system of hard and bold riding, upon which rests one of the claims of hunting to public consideration and to national particularity. The horse and his rider, in the highest sense of merit, are the proverbial property of England, and the proficiency that exalts each of them beyond the rivalry of any other nation is exemplified in the activity and endurance of the one, and the dexterity and intrepidity of the other. These virtues are a public benefit; the fostering of them should be a public care,



and the measure of reward meted out should not be confined to the simple approbation, but to the active support of the public in the preservation of that pastime from which they derive, in the hour of need, a substantial benefit; and should a canting puritan, a pauper-grinding cotton master, or a selfish and disingenuous vulpecide raise the question and deny the fact, then unto him or them be addressed the haughty and defiant reply of Balaklava.

The Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lords Lynedoch and Vivian, Sir Charles Dalbiac, Sir John Elley and others of the past, applauded and encouraged the hunting field as the training school for cavalry officers; and the examples of the present Lords Cardigan and Vivian, General Shirley, Colonel George and William Greenwood, Captains Peel, Little, Skipworth and a host of others testify to the sound judgment of that declaration. Here, then, is a prompt answer to the caviller and to the sophist on the inutility of hunting and the brutalizing tendencies of its pursuit. The utility has been demonstrated and the defence of its humanities may be safely left to the affectionate testimony of lasting friendships, made at the covert side, cherished during long years of absence, and joyfully sanctified by the recurrence of happy meetings, when youth perhaps may have passed away, but when the heart beats again with all its former warmth, and exults on a return to the stirring amusement and the beloved companionship of an early day.

A writer of repute—the author of “High Places”—George T. Lowth, has classed fox-hunting amongst “the sacred institutions” of England; and the value that of right should be attached to it is beyond a doubt or question. Judging, then, by that same standard of public value, it is a matter of common justice that “the institution” should on all hands and at all times meet with that effectual and public support which would place it beyond



the possibility of being injured by the machinations of private antagonism and selfish opposition. Let us come to the point at once. The words "public support" mean the preservation of foxes. If, as it has been alleged and insisted upon, fox-hunting has collateral and positive results that entitle it to be regarded under a phasis more serious than that of amusement; then the minor of private recreation merges into the major of popular advantage, and the master of foxhounds is thereby called upon to assume and does assume a position far more authoritative than that to which he is wont to be accredited by the unthinking and unreflective. He is the representative of an interest to which a public and national consequence is attached, and *pro tanto*, as its guardian and protector, he has a right to that consideration which it is incumbent upon all to accord him. The various channels, agricultural and commercial, through which the streams of benefit may flow, need not here to be recapitulated, yet sufficient has been said to shew the preservation of foxes to be a matter not of mere courtesy to the individual, but of duty to the public, a neglect of which should call forth a judgment, far more weighty than private remonstrance, that of public and severe reprobation.

Notwithstanding that the provincial features of the county of Devon, for the most part, are less favourable for hunting than the more happy and level grass districts; yet there are portions in the north-western district extending towards the Cornish moors, having every capability that may be desired; and never at any time or in any part of the county has there been a lack of

Vigorous youths, by smiling fortune blest  
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,

who have enabled their neighbours to participate in that sport which Beckford cites as being at once the source and the preservation of Peace, Health and Contentment.



The most remote on the list of Master of Hounds in Devonshire appears to be Mr. Amyas Child—"A gentleman, the last of his family, being of ancient extraction at Plimstock, in this county, and great possessions. It happened that he, hunting in Dartmore, lost both his company and his way in a bitter snow. Having killed his horse, he crept into his hot bowels for warmth, and wrote this with his blood :

He that findes and brings me to my tombe,  
The land of *Plimstock* shall be his doom.

That night he was frozen to death ; and being first found by the Monkes of Tavistock, they with all possible speed hasted to interre him in their own abby. His own parishioners of Plimstock hearing thereof, stood at the ford of the river to take his body from them. But they must rise early, yea, not sleep at all, who overreach Monkes in matters of profit. For they cast a slight bridge over the river, whereby they carried over the corps and interred it. In avowance whereof, the bridge (a more premeditate structure, I believe, in the place of the former extempore passage) is called Guil's bridge to this day ; and now, reader, all in the vicinage will be highly offended with such who either deny or doubt the credit of this common tradition. And sure it is that the abbot of Tavistock got that rich manor into his possession. The exact date of this Child's death I cannot attain."—*Fuller's Worthies*.\*

\* The worthy Fuller is not quite exact. The Manor of Plymstock, according to the record of Doomsday, had always been attached to the abbey of Tavistock—*DEVENESCIRE—Terra Ecclæ de Tavestock—Ipsa Ecclæ—ten—Plemestock*. The manor passed to the then Earl of Bedford by gift from the Crown, together with the other possessions of the abbot of Tavistock, in 1537. It would appear that considerable jealousy had existed on the part of the Prior of Plympton against his mightier neighbour. He possessed the tithes of Plymstock without an acre of ground, and was obliged to petition

But the country of Amyas Child, extending over Dartmoor and the large tract of woods on the Lyd and the Tavy, was difficult to preserve. Venison afforded both flavour and emolument to the midnight marauder, and if foxes were held to be of less account, it was for the reason that the fur alone was remunerative, and the carcase could only render a rank and unsavory broil. The efforts of Mr. Child to protect the wild deer and other game on Dartmoor, which we may be permitted to presume that he made, were counteracted by a ruffianly set of poachers, dwelling on the lands of his neighbour, the abbot of Tavistock, and having for nomenclature—the Gubbings. “So now I dare call them (secured by distance ‘vulpecides’) which one of more valour durst not do to their face; for fear their fury fall upon him. Yet hitherto have I met with none who could render a reason of their name. We call the shavings of fish (which are little worth) Gubbings, and sure it is that they are sensible that the word importeth shame and disgrace, as doth the word ‘vulpecide.’ I have read of an England beyond Wales, but the Gubbings land is a Scythia within Eng-

the abbot of Tavistock for a spot whereon to build a tithe barn. The request was granted upon the condition that the Prior of Plympton should furnish a curate for the tenants of the abbot residing within the manor of Plymstock. The value of the lands of Child the hunter is hereby clearly shewn, and that the prize was worthy of a stubborn contention. It is a matter of regret that “the Monkes” of Tavistock resorted to guile instead of a bolder line of conduct, for a stand up fight over the body of Child, at the ford, between burly friars, shaven and shorn, with their frocks tucked up, and backed and cheered in the fray by an abbot and a prior, would have been pleasing to witness and amusing to chronicle.

The tithe barn is yet in existence. The tithes belong to the Dean and Chapter of Windsor, to whom the Priory of Plympton passed at the dissolution of the monasteries, and have been held on lease by the Harris family, of Radford, for many generations. These particulars have been supplied through the kindness of Mr. Benson, the agent of the Duke of Bedford.



land, and they pure heathens therein. It lyeth nigh Brent Tor in the edge of Dart More. It is reported, that some two hundred years since, two strumpets being with child, fled hither to hide themselves, to whom certain lewd fellows resorted, and this was their first original. They are a peculiar of their own making, exempt from bishop, archdeacon, and all authority ecclesiastical or civil. They live in cotts, (rather holes than houses) like swine, having all in common, multiplied without marriage into many hundreds. Their wealth consisteth in other men's goods, and they live by stealing the sheep and deer (and killing foxes) on the More. But now, I am informed, that they begin to be civilized, and tender their children to baptism, and return to be men, yea Christians again; I hope no civil people will turn barbarians, now these barbarians begin to be civilized."—*Fuller*. This last biting sarcasm against sheepstealers and vulpecides, and the "odi profanum vulgus" sentiment expressed towards them in the blunt soliloquy of honest old Fuller, may be marked and be of service to the gentlemen-Gubbings and fox destroyers of the present time.

In the middle and latter end of the last century, Mr. Arscott, of Tetcott, occupied the foremost place in the west as a master of hounds. He had both foxhounds and harriers, with a separate pack of staghounds. The latter had been formerly kept by Mr. Christopher Harris, of Hayne; but the huntsman having been inadvertently devoured one night by his hounds, Mr. Harris thought fit to transfer the voracious inmates of his kennel to Tetcott. The man was sleeping tranquilly and connubially with his wife, when he was awakened by the clamour of the hounds fighting in the kennel. He got up hastily, and without waiting to dress, and without a light or whip, proceeded to the yard and rated his hounds. Silence prevailed. In the morning the wife was surprised at not finding her usual partner at her side, and was further alarmed by his

not answering to her loud call. A search was made, and nothing was found but a skeleton in the kennel, well picked and denuded of every particle of flesh, and the hounds quietly looking on, satisfied and full. A stone pillar marks the spot in the Park at Hayne; and, as a matter of course, his ghost is "home by."

There is an old journal of the chase preserved at Tetcott, wherein Mr. Arscott has described some of the more remarkable runs over the moors of Holsworthy and Broadbury—and in the blank page of the old chronicle are some lines "in memoriam" of considerable pathos and beauty, from the pen of the accomplished George Templer. If tradition do not exaggerate, the accounts of these runs would astonish a modern sportsman of the fast, furious and brief school, from their length, and the peep-of-day time at which the operations commenced. A chase after a stag from Launcells, near Bude, to Lidford, has still a living witness,—now nearly ninety,—and another died five years ago at the age of 101. One run is related to have occurred from Cary Wood, on the Cary Water, in Lifton parish, through Sydenham to Bickleigh Vale, near Plymouth,—but the longest seems to have been from Sleughwood, in Broadwoodwidger parish, over Broadbury to Black Torrington, Heanton, and beyond Stevenstone. Some of the hounds were found at Highbickington on the following day. There are collateral and particular events connected with this chase that prove the version to be more or less correct. In those days the principal portion of the ground north of Dartmoor was one vast extent of moorland, and when once the stag was away for some distant covert, the riders of the field had only to follow the turf road tracts without let or hindrance, and without the symptom of a fence. Besides, in the real golden age, there was a complete brass band on horseback kept to enliven the hounds on their weary way, and to inform the "posse comitatus" of their whereabouts.



From Arscott, of Tetcott, "*longo intervallo*," we arrive at the name of one who did more service, sterling and true, like the man himself, to the cause of fox-hunting and to the improvement of the breed of horses, than any one of his time in the West, and this was the late Earl of Portsmouth, better known as the Honourable Newton Fellowes. He was one of the first, if not the very first, in Devonshire to advocate large hounds and thoroughbred horses, and in the opinion and predilection of his early day he persisted to the very last. The Eggesford hounds were the type of himself, powerful in frame, quick, energetic, persevering, indefatigable and truth itself. It may be observed, however, "*passim*," that if every master of hounds bred in accordance with and in exemplification of his own individual attributes, the lot might occasionally be placed among "the unfortunates." Any one who ever conversed with Mr. Newton Fellowes, on hounds and horses, could not fail of being thoroughly convinced that he was master of the subject—entertaining strong and original ideas, and enforcing them with the earnestness of that greatest of all talents, sound common sense. Of his genial kind-heartedness and blunt expression, tinged with a vein of quaint drollery, all may well remember. He exacted from a foxhound a rigorous performance of duty, and insisted upon the two great qualities of fast hunting and lasting perseverance. By fast hunting is meant that single faculty of the foxhound which enables him to carry on a half or imperfect scent without dwelling and at a certain speed. This speciality belonged in an eminent degree to the pack of the late Duke of Grafton, afterwards possessed by Mr. Assheton Smith. Mr. Fellowes was partial to hounds carrying a grand head in chase, and was inclined to overlook a slight degree of skirting. His observation to the writer was—"So long as they are free from mischief and press on the line of chase, I don't care if they sweep the moor;" and Sir

Walter Carew used to express a similar opinion. Of the Fitzwilliam Kennel he entertained a high value, and a hound called *Flasher*, bred on each side from that blood, in 1830, was a perfect model of powerful symmetry and undeniable goodness. Mr. Fellowes was original in character, candid to a degree and warm of heart; but woe to the man who once deceived him or killed a fox. The many friends and staunch supporters in the field and elsewhere do not fail to miss, and that often, the kindly greeting and warm shake of the hand of the late gallant and truehearted 'Squire of Eggesford.

Next in priority amongst former Masters of Hounds comes the favoured and favourite sportsman—anywhere and everywhere—the accomplished George Templer, of Stover. To enlarge upon his several excellences—his amiability—the sincerity of his friendship and benevolence of disposition—adorned by a graceful erudition, and enlivened by a varied and playful wit that made him the charm of society, is but to repeat an oft-told tale. As an elegiac, satirical and comic poet, few were his equal, no one his superior; and, in addition to this, those with whom he was wont to associate in jocund familiarity little judged that they were in contact with an intellect imbued with natural powers of the highest excellence—capable of grasping and mastering the subtlety of any subject, whether leading to the abstruse paths of philosophical speculations, or the more immediate or exciting theme of governmental science. His was that exalted order of genius, that, strengthened by knowledge, might have justly aspired,

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read his history in a nation's eyes,—

“His lot forbade;”—yes—the master spirit of the mind, confident in its power and quickened to perfection by the



confluence of deep learning with a natural elegance of imagination, succumbed to the suavities of an endearing conviviality, and the minor amenities of life by their quiescent yet dulcet seduction, slowly but fatally undermined one of the most vivid intellects of the day. Over the modest tomb near the domain he so fondly loved in life, a sorrowing friend might recite another stanza of the same classic poet, equally and lamentably applicable:—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Amongst sportsmen the name of Templer is as a household word, and never uttered without the sincere tribute of regret at his early departure from amongst them. He had a most intimate acquaintance with the qualities of a foxhound, and held triumphantly to the conviction of his possessing a docility and quickness of instinct, that by patient instruction might make him capable of performing any feat. His mode of tuition was so perfect that each hound comprehended every inflexion of his voice ; every note of his horn was intelligible to them, and conveyed a full meaning, and to the wave of his hand an instant obedience was given that required neither rate nor sterner discipline to urge. He was ably seconded by his friends and assistants, the late Mr. Harry Taylor and Mr. Russell ; and perhaps there never was exhibited a greater perfection of hunting, of scientific control over hounds, and of eliciting their utmost powers of chase and hunting, than was afforded by the establishment of Stover, under the superintendence of this memorable triumvirate. The history of the “ Let-'em-alones ” is well and universally known. Many, however, has been the time that this instance of absolute subjection in hounds, without damage to their natural vivacity and courage, has been disputed in Leices-

tershire and elsewhere ; but the bare truth spoke for itself, and not less extraordinary seemed the fact of Mr. Templer hunting hare with a pack of foxes in Stover Park.

The stamp of hound in the Stover kennel was indicative of the taste and habits of the master. They were handsome, beautifully proportioned, with great roundness of loin, and with necks, heads and countenances that would have satisfied Osbaldeston himself ; and all these qualities were enhanced by a brilliancy of condition that gave their coats a bloom soft and lucent as silk. There was always a strong Beaufort stain, and the admiration of the Badminton hounds has been expressed in many of the liveliest poems of Mr. Templer.

Perfect as was the general management of these hounds in the field, it would not always bear imitation by inferior artists. For instance, at a check, on certain occasions, the able assistants rather encouraged the hounds than performed strictly the usual functions of the parts they were supposed to perform, but, when the line was recovered, a single word would bring the whole body of hounds together. Except with such master hands as Templer, Taylor and Russell, the experiment would be a failure. Nothing can be more disastrous than the presumption to suppose that a brilliant irregularity may be equally successful under less clever management. It is in these ebullitions of certain and intuitive talent that consist the value and the pleasure of hunting with first-rate proficients. The little man can do only a little thing, and that not always well. The epoch of George Templer, of Stover, on many accounts and for many a long year, will be the "Alba nota" in the sporting annals of Devonshire ; for there was a graceful individuality that belonged to the man, combined with unusual attainments, that would have made him remarkable at any time.

" Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus,  
Tam cari capitis ?"



The late Mr. John King, of Fowlescombe, was an able sportsman. His hounds were rather lighter than those that meet with most consideration at the present time, yet neatly proportioned and not deficient in power, and where-withal most true and efficient hunters. He maintained the principle that hounds should account for their fox with as little assistance as possible, and work out their own success. Naturally shrewd and observing, as dwellers and frequenters of the moor usually are, he was fully cognisant of the nature and habits of the wild animal he pursued, and when he did render assistance to his favourites it was invariably to the purpose, and followed by happy results.

Of the genial and witty John Bulteel, whose conversational and comic powers have more than once scattered and annihilated the gravity of a Ministerial dinner, who of his friends and acquaintance does not lament the untimely end? Who of the former does not remember the story of Miles and the bloody broad arrow, when on a visit to his former master Louis 18th, after restoration to the throne? Even a Minister of State when writing to a colleague on public affairs of the utmost importance, could not refrain from adding in a free postscript, "Has Mr. Bulteel anything fresh from Devonshire *anent Julius?*" If this private yet official letter were to appear in a Blue-book, unmutilated, according to the present demands of Radical members in the House of Commons, and Mr. Bright were to demand an explanation of the postscript, he would assuredly have in its divulgence what may be commonly called "a settler." Mr. Bulteel took the hounds of the late Mr. Pode, of Slade, and with large drafts from the Lambton kennel formed the establishment to which Mr. Trelawny has succeeded. He was a brilliant and determined sportsman, and upheld the dash of the fox-hound to be his hereditary and instinctive speciality. He was also most careful of tongue. At one period he

may be said to have had the most musical pack of fox-hounds in England, and happy tongues not only exhilarate but are essential in the woody vales of Devon when hounds cannot be commanded by sight. They were noticeably quick in getting away in a burst from the deep woodlands they had to draw. Like his friend, George Templer, Mr. Bulteel had natural powers far, very far above the average, and although irresistibly indulging in that racy humour which is so attractive to delighted and applauding listeners, yet his literary powers and rare facility of acquiring knowledge might have well fitted him for any situation in public life to which assured talent is the introduction and necessary accompaniment.

It is a sad task to record the memories of friendships severed by the cold hand of death—of high talent extinguished, and of worth departed—yet, it is grateful to dwell on that portion of the past which brings but the recollection of kind feelings, and pleasures shared with those whose companionship lessened the ills of existence and made the labour of life light. Happy the idea, that if it were permitted to the for-ever-gone to be conscious of a present mortality, that the tribute of praise, the word of affection, and the unsepulchred thought of yore might be to their spirit as a dream of satisfaction and a solace. And journeying on towards the wintry path and irremediable fate, fond memory quickens the flagging pulse, and supplies the deficiency of the present by bringing back the forms of the loved and lost amidst the scenes and the summer of an early youth.

“ I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
     As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
     To breathe a second spring.”



## LETTER II.

NEVER did the County of Devon possess so many and such efficient packs of foxhounds as at the present period. The establishments of the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Poltimore, the Hon. Mark Rolle and of Mr. Trelawny, are capable of comparison with some of the best that are known. They are maintained at the expense of their owners with the utmost liberality, and neither labour nor inconvenience is spared to improve that which is already good, true and substantial. All sportsmen are aware of the difference between a subscription pack and that of a private individual. The former must inevitably be more or less uneven in size and character. The deficiency of walks to rear puppies, and the brevity, or at any rate the uncertainty, of tenure, are fatal impediments to that polish and unity of appearance by which private and long established packs evince their superiority over less permanent kennels. A tenant is always willing to rear a puppy for his landlord, and when his domestic favourite either obtains a prize or distinguishes himself in his after career, his satisfaction and honest pride at having been of sterling use to his landlord's foxhounds, amply repay him for the trouble and care he has taken. To obviate this difficulty masters of subscription hounds sometimes contract to take the drafts of a certain kennel every year. It is a safe plan as far as it goes—still, at best, these are only drafts of hounds rejected for an absence of comparative goodness, and for some fault, however trivial it may be. Another advantage of the private pack is the undivided authority of the master. A constitutional and delegated power is, in this

instance, at variance with the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and the centurion principle of "go here and he goeth," and "do this and he doeth," is of paramount utility for the comfort of a field of sportsmen. The discontented "scratchman," if some particular covert be not drawn as often as or oftener than he judges to be right,—or if the general fixtures, on account of distance, do not accord with his personal convenience, or having received a word of reproof for heading the fox, or for his horse having kicked a hound, adopts the low and common threat of withdrawing his subscription. Again, if false earths are made and foxes are bred and fed in the vicinity of some particular shooting covert, an expostulation is made and the platitude asserted of the impossibility of having foxes and a head of game together; and, losing sight of a dictation to others, and of exacting a sacrifice for selfish and exclusive sport against every rule of courtesy and common sense, the scratchman announces his subscription to be withdrawn. The master of a subscription pack is a prey to continual vexation, and the field is at the mercy of every peddling ten-pounder, whose scarlet appendage covers a superfluity of pretension and a paucity of the more estimable properties of a sportsman.

First and foremost amongst the establishments enumerated above must be readily placed that of Lord Portsmouth. The hounds have little or none of the old Eggesford blood, but they have been selected first and afterwards bred with consummate judgment and skill. With ample means, an opportunity may be always afforded to procure a large number of hounds more or less well shaped and good; and then comes into requisition the discrimination and ability which are necessary to form a pack of hounds and to satisfy the requirements of a particular taste. Every master breeds according to his own special standard, and he is successful in obtaining the object of his desire in ratio to his qualification for the task. It



would demand more than a passing notice from a solitary visit to the covert side to judge of the merits of this splendid assemblage of hounds. To one, however, well accustomed to scan a pack at a first appearance, nothing can be more complete and level—infinately superior to anything that has ever been seen in the West of England. The dog pack is thoroughly unexceptional, and with truth it may be said that there is not a finer or better to be found anywhere. There is one liver-pied bitch, the name we forget, that unites every requisite that a foxhound should possess, and is very similar in shape and appearance to some of the best of the Belvoir when under the management of Goosey.

It is a pleasure to see this pack in motion ; for there is a simultaneous action throughout—a light delivery proceeding from the deep and oblique shoulder, and that elastic and powerful concentration of strength in the quarter so well expressed by the French word “accroupement,” that, at a glance, demonstrates the power of pace ; and it is this unison of action and shape that enables hounds to carry the grand head in running, which was so gratifying to the late Earl of Portsmouth. A pack may appear handsome and level at the covert side ; yet when in a severe and lasting chase a dissimilarity of structure and movement will inevitably elongate the “table cloth” of ancient renown. The hunting attributes of the Eggesford hounds are on a par with their other merits. This is stated rather from report than actual observation ; yet from the authenticity of those from whom the enquiry has been made, and Mr. Russell and Mr. Luxton are amongst the number, no doubt can exist, even in the mind of the most sceptical and ill-conditioned hare-hunter, that in this respect they are endowed with high qualifications. They are pre-eminently and essentially the first pack of foxhounds in the western district, and their completeness in shape and merit supersedes the necessity of

going to a strange kennel, except for an occasional change of blood, to perpetuate their virtues. And here, it may be remarked, however clever hounds may be, their ability can be marred by improper handling and inferior servants. In the olden time, down to a very recent day—yesterday, so to say—there was a coarseness and an inattention to detail in locally-bred huntsmen, in the highest degree objectionable, and to which their personal appearance offered no exception. Garrulity—brutality in word and deed—and an incessant noise—characterised the old Devonshire huntsman and his assistant; and the recollection of former vices, contrasted with the quiet and resolute demeanour of John Dunn and his men—their civility, neatness, and the quick handling of their hounds, may give the Devonians a right estimation of these all-important elements in the establishment of a pack of foxhounds.

There is no self-imposed function more equivocal and less grateful than to analyse strictly aught of imperfect construction, for in that case the faint praise is but the ill-defined shadow of a sterner verdict that the mask of partiality fails to conceal. When, however, inclination is the handmaid of the very truth, and criticism has only to record a series of pleasant and instructive facts, the task loses all doubtful restraint, and resolves itself into one of unalloyed gratification.

Rumour must once more supply the province of inspection, in respect of the hounds of Lord Poltimore, yet there is a certainty of right in adopting the favourable decision of the many,—since it has been endorsed by the most competent to give an opinion on the subject. The judgment of “Civis,” a person of evident experience, and able to arrive at a true solution, is satisfactory on this point and may be held to be correct and conclusive. One who was a stranger in the district, having signified an expectation of detecting some irregularities that would denote the management of a young master of hounds, was



set right by an authority present. "You are in error," replied this person, Captain Northcote; "for you will go far to see a more even pack of foxhounds,—or one more correct in work—and quite fit for the best of grass grounds." The reflection that Lord Poltimore had matriculated under the auspices of one of the most renowned professors of the "*ars venandi*"—Mr. Russell—should have checked the inconsiderate remark. It is averred that Lord Poltimore is eager for blood at any cost; and nothing more conduces to preserve the incomparable dash of the foxhound than continued success. It is this constant victory over the object in pursuit that makes the legitimate harrier illegitimately kill an occasional fox. The legitimate harrier would mean the throaty and out-at-elbowed trencherman, in contradistinction to the dwarf foxhound of modern use. The term "occasional" is applied for the reason that when this same harrier is removed from his proper sphere of action, and has to encounter severe work—long distances, inclement weather, and discomfiture, day after day, he fails in hunting to death a wild animal with equal powers of speed and endurance, and sinks, with drooping stern and haggard aspect, into that insignificance from which it was unwise ever to have withdrawn him. The satisfaction that Lord Poltimore gives in the neighbourhood of Exeter, and the increasing popularity of his hounds, offers an assurance of that support in the preservation of foxes to which he is justly entitled.

The public value of a person of rank and property residing on his hereditary estates, and taking the allotted portion of his duties as a man, cannot be over-estimated. By the utilitarian democrat it is argued that the possessor of hereditary honours and estates is respected by the multitude in reference to his possessions only, and for aught else he simply shares and only has a right to share with, what is termed in Radical jargon, the nobility of

nature. The fact of social position conveying a title to respect, *per se*, is rejected, and the denial of it is made absolute. Such is the theory of the Manchester utilitarian. But practice is in direct contradiction to this teaching. A difference of nations is not more the work of an Almighty design, than a difference of rank. Again, the social duties are relative, dissimilar and particular; and the declaration that to whom "much is given much will be required," does not refer to intellect or wealth, but to the possession of particular advantages, accruing from a particular position, and engendering particular duties under the common supremacy of moral sentiment, for which the possessor of such advantages will be held accountable. The privileges of rank, the resource of ample means, and the gift of intellect perfected by education, are, under moral discipline, the means of conferring good to the community; and the politician or philosopher cannot rightly understand the government or organization of the world, who would limit the channels of public benefit or deny the inequality of social grade, which is a part of the system of the great whole. The practice of the severer duties does not, of necessity, entail a rejection of the gentler amenities that smoothe the path of life, and in the honest indulgence of legitimate pleasure that may be said to be the most conducive to the general good, which invigorates manhood,—calls forth, by friendly association, the kinder feelings of nature,—unites all classes, and extends the combined action of harmony and good will. And if the amusement, to which this article is dedicated, combines, as it surely does, these attributes of cordial fellowship and general utility, then is the envy of the leveller and the preaching of the ascetic worthless and of no avail.



### LETTER III.

As an account of the hounds of the Hon. Mark Rolle has been recently given by "the Devonian of 1828,"\* it is unnecessary to make further mention beyond the remark that they have continued to shew a succession of sport, and bid fair in a short time to be quite on a par with older establishments. A fresh acquisition has been made by the purchase of two of the best lots of the Cleveland hounds, of which the bitches are of superior merit. It is this determination to secure the best of blood, of shape, and of known goodness, that cannot fail to be finally rewarded, and to result in the production of a pack of foxhounds of high character. Few possess the desirable means of appropriation—not many the firm resolve and patience to overcome difficulty, and still more rare is the judgment necessary to combine the different qualities of hounds—which by a mutual correction of error, and mutual interchange of excellence, will complete, at last, the construction of a pack of hounds of distinct character and connatural properties. This perfection, of which Mr. Rolle has the necessary ability to attain, can only be arrived at in private establishments, and the paramount advantages of their possessors place a barrier between them and the masters of subscription packs which the latter are powerless to overcome. For instance, it would be more profitable to a thorough sportsman to go any distance to meet the hounds of Lord Portsmouth, than to hunt with the best of subscription packs at his own door.

Mr. Rolle terminated his season on Friday, April 19,

\* See Appendix.

with a most brilliant run, that well and happily inaugurated the first meeting, at the covert side, of the West Devon and Broadbury Hunt Club, every member of which was present. The sun was hot, with an easterly wind, and the only hope for scent depended upon the steadiness of the weather. A fox went away, without waiting to be found, near Langley, and the hounds coming upon the line carried it straight to Halsdon; turning back to Cookbury and Cookbury Week, with the scent light, catching, and uncertain. At this spot he had waited in a patch of brushwood, from which he was viewed away over an upland grass field, and the hounds streaming through the enclosures, up wind, carried him into the Dunsland coverts. A severe accident to Captain Whyte detained some of the field for a few minutes, and when these Samaritans arrived at the linhay, at the head of the Dunsland woods, a ploughman on the hedge, who had left his team, exclaimed, "There hur goos over the mure." The fox had gone into these large coverts, and being pressed, stopped short, allowing the leading hounds to dash by, and then he ran back. The body of the pack rushing on, heard the whimper of the tail hounds, that had either viewed him or had come upon his line, and away they went at a great pace to the upper moor, crossing the Holsworthy road on to Great Claw Moor. The "Samaritans," with Boxall, the first whip, had the benefit of the sudden turn in Dunsland. Going straight down over the Moor, as if for Morcombe, he veered to the right, and taking the line of the brook, went away for Hollacombe. Over this long succession of moors both the hunting and the pace was delightful. The foremost men, well with hounds, were Messrs. Chichester, Williams, Willett, Gregory, and Ebbery, with Mr. Chichester leading. He had only one spur, and that without rowels; but had his heels been properly armed, perchance his place might have been still more in advance. Close after came Mr.



Deane and Mr. Marshall. The fox ran through Hollacombe Wood, and over the moor above, crossing the Ashwater road at King's House, where the scent began to fail. The working of the hounds was, now, unusually excellent; they were patient at each check, made their own cast without assistance, with noses well down, and when the faint note authenticated the line, they chased away over plough and spring wheat amidst clouds of dust. This cold hunting through farm roads, with occasional bursts over a large field or tract of moor land, continued by Langdon Farm to Knapp Head, onwards, as it were, for Clawton. Here the fox crossed and recrossed the small brook. To this point he had been going down wind, but now he went on a side wind to Yeatherdown Wood, and the pace mended to Keep Hill towards Holsworthy, when turning suddenly up wind, the hounds ran him at speed to Statton, bringing out the line at the cross roads opposite Hardwick. A single hound, Nimrod, carried it on somewhat mute across Simpson Moor, but Whitemore got to him quickly, and they went over the moor, coming again to the road, over which they brought him to the ploughed fields. The hunting over this ground, parched and dry, at half pace, was a brilliant performance. Here he was viewed by Boxall, and he came to the road towards Torrington, down which the hounds opened freely, and, not overrunning the line a yard, turned over the fence, going for Upcott Farm Wood, where they run into him after an hour and fifty-seven minutes.

It was regretted by all that Mr. Rolle was prevented by indisposition from witnessing this satisfactory termination of the season. Nothing could be more masterly than the performance of his hounds, and, although they are a selection from different kennels, yet there was a unity of action in their work, and a mutual confidence in hunting out a cold scent, with perseverance and dash, that was most pleasurable to witness, and was the cause

of their successful finish. The delight of hunting is common to all, but to the master of hounds, to one to whom the name is not the only charm, and who is thoroughly acquainted with the character and properties of every hound in his pack, there is a far more plentiful satisfaction measured out. To watch the diversity of hunting in the several hounds—the merits of the one and the comparative error of another—the conduct of those chosen for a peculiarity of goodness that experience proves to be correct; and still more especially, the clever behaviour of a young entry, giving evidence of a particular virtue of race, and for which essentiality they had been purposely bred, all these minutiae and many others form a source of gratification unknown to others, of which it belongs only to the master of hounds to know the full value and extent. Of the pleasure resulting from a well appointed establishment, good sport, and the social fellowship of the hunting field, it is sincerely hoped by the members of the West Devon and Broadbury Hunt Club that Mr. Rolle may long enjoy an ample share.

And Hollacombe brake, through which the Stevenstone hounds passed this day in their onward course, brings with it the recollection of gallant chases and by-gone times, when many a brave heart that has long ceased to beat, bounded in exultation and delight at the scream of Jack Russell on finding his fox in that far-famed covert. When the stream of the “*mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*” has been ultra passed, and when before us lies the unwilling path of senectitude, then it is that the stirring passages of youth are kindled in hues made more vivid from the colourless placidity of an intervening space of years, unnoticed by a memory obedient and fondly clinging to the sweet freshness of first impressions,—

Hiv'd in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee.

Then it is that he who is not “to dumb forgetfulness a prey,” casts the “one longing, ling'ring look behind,” to



scenes teeming with impulsive joy, and peopled with cherished forms that become more than ever dear from the consciousness of an eternal separation in this world.

O cara memoria  
 Degl' anni primieri,  
 Tu desti nell' anima  
 Sì dolci pensieri,  
 Che ravnivi le languide speranze del cuor.

And this simple truth of nature elicited from the untutored bard of Caledonia a similar expression of sentiment, clothed in a rustic simplicity of language not less germane to the heart than the more euphonious strain of the glowing South—

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
 And never brought to min' ?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
 And days o' lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

Mr. Russell hunted the western country in 1828-29-30, from Torrington to Bodmin, having his principal kennel at Iddesleigh, with others of a temporary description at Tetcott, Hayne and Bodmin. The name of this gentleman has been associated in a previous portion of these letters with that of George Templer, and it may be truly said that the hunting horn of the latter passed worthily to his apt and favourite pupil. The major portion of the hounds of Mr. Russell had either belonged to Mr. Templer or had been bred immediately from that blood. Mr. Arthur Harris also had purchased from Mr. Worth, Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir Henry Carew and others, every hound he could procure that had been hunted at or bred from the Stover kennel; and in this endeavour to collect the Templer relics Mr. Russell greatly assisted.

It was agreed that the hounds bred by them under twenty inches should belong to Mr. Harris, and those above that standard were to go to Mr. Russell. The evident result of this arrangement was, that after a season they joined packs; and the cession of the extensive countries of Tetcott and Pencarrow, through the kindness of the trustees of the late Sir Wm. Molesworth, then a minor, was made to Mr. Russell. This is the origin of that pack of dwarf foxhounds which for three years shewed such unprecedented sport in the western country, and of which the recollection, among the country people and farmers, has not yet departed. Many a tale is yet told in the settle of the wayside inn of the runs that happened during that hunting period of unwonted brilliancy.

When the Tetcott and Hayne districts were hunted for a fortnight together, the whole population of the country turned out to meet Mr. Russell at the home fixtures. No farmer within the adjoining or distant parishes, who had a horse or a pony, failed to be present; labour was comparatively suspended, and even the women—"care creature"—put on their Sunday bonnets and shawls to go and see Mr. Russell find a fox. The houses in the neighbourhood were full of guests, and these hunting meetings possessed rather the character of triumphal ovations than the appearance of ordinary fixtures. Petitions were made by the farmers to arrange the meets so as not to interfere with Tavistock market, and a sale of stock was not exactly put off, but the advertisement of it was once delayed and changed until after the Russell fortnight. And why was all this? Common sense must point out that a dwarf pack of foxhounds, good as they might be, was not the true reason for such a display of hunting popularity. It was the man, and the man alone, that caused this general feeling, and gave surety that with a fox on foot Russell was certain to account for him. In the first season the country was rather thinly supplied



with foxes; yet, out of thirty-two found above ground, twenty-eight were killed, after runs more or less good, two were earthed, and two lost.

That which most pleased the generality of hunting men, and especially the moor farmers, was the acute intelligence which this egregious sportsman displayed in everything relating to the habits of a fox—his mode of finding, and his quickness in getting to him in strong coverts. One of the secrets of his great success was the fact that, with an ordinary scent, his hounds had almost beaten their fox before he got away; and his cheery mode of hunting them in covert was most exhilarating. The celerity with which he effected an object that had been determined upon in his mind, was as the whirlwind; no hesitation marred the precipitance of action, and the hounds, confiding in their huntsman, flew to him at the slightest signal of command. At one of the meetings at Hayne, Newton plantation and gorse—a strictly preserved covert—had been drawn blank, and the hounds, after crossing the river under Milford, were going on through the meadows to draw Arraycot Wood, when the keen eye of Russell detected, in passing by an overgrown hedgerow, the branch of a briar that had been displaced, and caught upon a thorn by the passage of some animal. He touched the branch slightly with his whip; it gave way, and returned to its original position. Calling his little terrier "*Vic*,"\* he took her up on his saddle, cheered her on to the hedgerow, and in a few moments out came a fox that

\* The small black and white terriers of Mr. Russell have ever been renowned for their sagacity and courage. When once they had fixed on a fox, no amount of punishment could make them relinquish their hold. Their ears and tails were never cut or more properly mutilated. Twisting his hand round the tail of the one in question, "*Vic*"—notoriously excellent—Mr. Russell could reach and draw a fox at great depth;—and often when the earth diverged into branches, another of the terriers, "*Nelson*," having ascertained underground the direction of the fox, would come out and scratch over the spot where his old enemy was sure to be located.

gave a capital run to Townly, Eastlake, Wonnacott, Southwick Moor, Northcombe and Wetherdon, earthing in Henford Wood.

Again, on another occasion, a large party had come from Heanton to a bye meet near Potheridge. A deep covert on the banks of the Torridge, reputed and known to be a sure find, had failed to furnish a fox. It was unmistakable, for even "Daphne" came out without shewing a symptom of scent, and Russell rode down the hill to the lower end of a grass field, outside the wood, to call his hounds away. There happened to be a large thistle close by the side of old Cottager, and as Russell remained quiescent for a moment, horn in hand, something peculiar in the thistle attracted his attention. Calling to a countryman he said, "Will you have a shilling, my good chap?" "Oh, e'es—sure," grinned the clod. "Then come here quickly, kneel down and smell the water in the upper cup of that thistle—d'ye see? Sweet—eh?" "Oh! ah!—e'es sure—oh, varra," chuckling inwardly at the idea of having the best of a pleasant bargain. "Now, down lower, in the middle one." In went the nose down, down, snuffing up the water. "All right, eh?"—"Oo, oo, oih, ah, Chroist Jasis!" "We have him, Arthur," exclaimed the "cute" Russell, turning to a friend, and in he went again with his hounds, found him curled up in his kennel; and one of the fastest runs of the season ensued for an hour and forty minutes, with a kill.

The relation of this anecdote to a large party at Cobham Park, the residence of the late Mr. Harvey Combe, then master of the Old Berkeley Hounds, brought a cheer of delight from Osbaldeston, and led to a singular proposition from Mr. Gaskell, known as "Big Gaskell," for an immediate improvement of the breed of huntsmen. It was this speciality of the man, the mastery in detail of every particularity regarding hounds and foxes, that led to the series of continuous successes which have made the



name of Russell conspicuous in wide England as the pre-eminent sportsman of the West. There was an identification between himself and his hounds, a brisk confidence on their part and a thorough knowledge on his of the peculiarity and temper of each, that gave a combination of power in the field of which it would be well if the example were more frequent. When the celebrated scream was heard, and those who have heard it can bear witness to its thrilling effect, whatever may have been the scent on which hounds were running, they left it to fly to the well accustomed and well understood voice, which never failed to cheer them on the true line. No flashy holiday hunter, no mute hound had a second feed of meal willingly in his kennel. But let it not be supposed that with a flying fox on foot Mr. Russell was disposed to hunt rather than to chase him. No one made more daring casts, or was more eager to get nearer his fox by a forward movement; and in this he was assisted, as has been before stated, by a perfect acquaintance with the nature and ways of the wild animal he pursued. Herein consisted that principal cause of superiority even over huntsmen of repute, and in this part of the science, which he had learnt from his able tutor, George Templer, he was and is unrivalled. To these more immediate attributes of excellence may be added an indomitable perseverance, with a patience in difficulty that usually had its reward; and when, from adverse causes, an absence of sport was unavoidable, a constant fund of good humour and an amiable hilarity dispelled that solemn sadness that often looms over a disappointed field.

When Michael Angelo was called upon to build the temple of St. Peter at Rome, on ascending the hill above Florence, at his departure, he turned towards the Duomo, the splendid work of Brunelleschi, and exclaimed, "Come te se posso, meglio di te mai." So likewise it may be said of Mr. Russell,—that, possibly, there may be found sports-

men equally good and true,—but a better or more consummate one there cannot or was ever known to be.

We now take our leave for the present of this ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν in the annals of fox-hunting; and to him—the olden ally of a former youth—the comrade and companion of many a long mile homewards after hard chases, the Devonian of 1828 cannot more appropriately express himself than in the words of the ballad already quoted:—

And here's a hand my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine,  
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught  
 For Auld Lang Syne.



## LETTER IV.

GALLANT TOM PHILLIPPS!—Those who were acquainted with the person here mentioned will freely acknowledge the justice of the laudatory adjective prefixed to the name of this fearless and superlative rider.

Mr. Phillipps succeeded Mr. Russell in hunting the Tetcott country, but reserved himself rather for the Cornish than the Devonshire portion of that district. His principal fixtures were in the neighbourhood of Bradridge, Dolsdown, Tetcott, Trebartha and Viverdon, and rarely more than twice in the season did he appear upon Broadbury. A vague suspicion of the magnates of that ilk caused him to distrust the sincerity of their support, and when the doubt became a painful certainty, he ceased to draw those wild moorlands, and that country may be said to have been abandoned for many years, except by casual and illegitimate practitioners. The establishment at Landue was not one of subscription, as commonly understood, having been maintained privately and exclusively by a small circle of friends,—Messrs. Phillipps, F. and J. Glanville, Harris, Coryton, Charles Trelawny and Sir William Molesworth,—many of them schoolfellows, and the majority old Etonians. Although Mr. Trelawny was the mainstay of Mr. Bulteel's hounds, yet, at the same time, he supported those of his friend at Landue with the liberality which was his wont. In those days the distances that he rode to meet hounds would have been surprising had not the railway dissipated the antiquated notions of space. The intimacy subsisting between the members of this hunt from early association, and from being at their own

homes and on their own hereditary ground, made it popular amongst all ranks. The fixtures were often during the week at extreme points of the country, and a rotatory system of social hospitality was practised, as a remedy to the inconvenience, that was most agreeable. To each person, in every house, was allotted a couple of stalls, and during the hunting season the constant travelling of the grooms with their horses from place to place quite enlivened the now deserted district. At the Pencarrow meetings, which in the autumn and spring were of a fortnight or three weeks' duration, there were, not unfrequently, 36 stalls occupied by strange horses at that hospitable mansion, and the guests were rarely less in number than eighteen or twenty. Even politics, in the memorable year of 1832, failed to disturb the harmony of these sporting and convivial congresses. These are olden times, of which an altered state of society forbids the resuscitation, and on that account are they the more treasured in memories retentive of past pleasures that time and circumstance cannot obliterate. He whose cordial bearing and hospitality is here recorded, endowed with a colossal order of genius, and of large and statesman-like views, lived to become the pride of his country and the ornament of the State, and went down to an early and untimely grave mourned for and regretted by all. Although he trod the paths of high and honest ambition with an irrepressible success, yet in his private life he identified himself with the amusements of his associates and neighbours, and was ever found to be the warm-hearted and liberal friend, a brilliant companion and the accomplished gentleman.

The acquisition of the Trengwainton hounds belonging to the late Sir Rose Price, placed the Landue kennel on a sound basis. They had been bred with care from the best blood, and with particular attention to their hunting qualities; and although the colour of some of the dog



hounds was the reverse of classical, many of them being of a light and unseemly tan, yet, as a whole, they were a well-shaped and killing lot of foxhounds. Of one litter of unentered puppies that came from Trengwainton, not one failed of being excellent; and those who remember the correct and dashing performances of *Fidler*, *Fleecer*, *Frantic*, *Fairy* and *Famous*, will vouch for the truth of the assertion.

Three especial runs of the Landue hounds are yet well remembered in the several localities—one from Polbrock, near Wadebridge, to Pencarrow, Dunmeer, Blissland, Temple-on-the-Moor, Dosmary Pool, Deep-hatches, and on to the moor wall, near Trebartha, which the fox failed to get over, and was run in view by the leading hounds down the precipitous side of an abandoned mine shaft, a depth of 40 feet, into a deep pool of water at the bottom. A miner was let down by a rope, and he brought up first the fox, that had got on a ledge, out of the reach of hounds, and then the hounds themselves. It was a ticklish mission, albeit a "*facilis descensus*." A bitch, called *Memory*, carried the line single handed on the dry granite road, over Temple Moor, for more than a mile. Phillipps became incredulous and turned; but that able sportsman Mr. Pomeroy Gilbert and Mr. Hext cheered him to persevere, and the line to Trebartha, over the moor, was recovered. This demonstrates the value of nose, for without this effective assistance Mr. Phillipps would have made his cast towards Tobor and Brownwilly, where every one judged the fox to have gone. Another chase was from Ogbeer, near Dolsdown, to North Tamerton, Tetcott, Yelland Moor, Chapman's Well, Panson Wood, Henford, Ashwater, Clawton, Holsworthy, and beyond the Beacon, where the hounds were running after night-fall. They were supposed to have gone over 40 miles of ground. There was a change of foxes, certainly, at Tetcott, and most probably at Henford. More than one

horse died from the effects of this day, and many others never thoroughly recovered during the season.

The most celebrated, however, was what is termed to this time the Sleugh Wood run. A well-known moor fox, old and grey, popularly named *Hector*, that had afforded many a burst, was found in his usual covert at Sleugh Wood, belonging to Mr. Newton. He went away at the first signal to Townly, Wray's Quarry, Lew Down, Lew Wood, Coryton, Hedge Cross, Causeyford Down, Batehill, Higher Down Town, Dartmoor and Braiton Tor, where he turned down the valley in view to Lidford, and was killed above the waterfall. One hour and forty-five minutes without a check, and the measured distance a few chains short of fourteen miles. A farmer's dinner, at Broadwoodwidge, given by the members of the hunt, at which about two hundred sat down, terminated the auspicious day.

But not on his qualities as a huntsman only did the fame of Mr. Phillipps rest. His superior excellence as a horseman, and his determined mode of getting to hounds, principally caused his well-earned celebrity. It is easy, at any rate it is not difficult, to ride over a big place upon a practised fencer; yet, by so doing, it does not follow that a man should be one jot nearer to hounds. It is what is termed seeing through a country, when going at the best pace—the having an eye a-head for weak places, and keeping, if possible, an upper ground and never sinking to lower ground, unless forced by necessity to cross a valley, and then rushing straight down hill at the top pace, for a good man can always gain on hounds in a steep descent;—it is that unflinching resolve to get over a bad place in a flying run at any cost, regardless of a fall, with the precaution of never quitting the bridle hold, that constitutes a first flight man; and not less proper it is, nor did Phillipps ever scruple to avoid a fence, in order to save his horse, provided the line of hounds were strictly



kept. Fifteen stone, which was his riding weight, is an adverse incumbrance to a horse, except to crash through binders; and no fence, however stiff or formidable, was ever a barrier between this brilliant rider and hounds. In crossing rivers—namely, the Tamar, Torridge, Lyd and Innies, principally the former, he was without a rival; and whether the stream was deep, rapid and full of rocks, if he saw a good landing-place on the other side, he put his horse at it and jumped in fearlessly. He had one solitary and invariable follower. The most courageous hunter that he possessed for this work was *Foster*, by *Gainsborough*. His lead over the famed Broadbury Moor country was never successfully disputed. Perhaps the next best to him—yes, certainly, the next best in singleness of purpose and determination in taking a line, was Walter Carew, the present baronet. Ashbury had often harboured many a bold spirit, purposely invited to contest the palm; but it was in vain. Invincible to the last remained the gallant Tom Phillipps.

If hounds are superior at the present day in Devonshire to their predecessors, the same cannot be said of the horses. No such hunters now appear upon Broadbury as in the time to which allusion is made. As the reputation of many are not forgotten, their names shall be enumerated:—J. Morth Woolcombe: *Crown Prince*, *Sultan*, *Dun Mare*, *Rattletrap*. L. W. Buck: *Alpha*, *Omega*, *Hussar*. W. Ley: *The Duck*. J. D. Fortescue: *White Rose*, *Brown Bartly*, *Blaze Bartly*, *Cock Robin*. M. Louis: *White Stocking*, *Harlequin*. G. Leach: *Minna*, *Flete*. Sir Salusbury Trelawny: *Lufra*, *Catterton*, *Barbara*, *Orgar*, *Elfrida*. T. Phillipps: *Truth*, *Foster*, *Diana*, *Lancet*, *Master Robert*. J. Russell: *Monkey*, *Cottager*, *Billy*—(this extraordinary animal, by *Twilight*, a son of *Eclipse*, was barely 14 hands. He was bred by Mr. Wreford, of Clannaborough, known as “Handkerchief Wreford,” and carried Mr. Russell ten years.) Paul

Treby: *Spectre*, *Hottentot*, *Gainsborough Mare*, *The Grey*. Erving Clarke: *Sam*, *Lilliputian*. Charles Trelawny: *Owen Glendower*, *Ambition*, *Sultana*, *Patriot Mare*, *Jolly Boy*, *Mazurka*. Sir Walter Carew: *Flask*, by *Smuggler*, *Arlington*. T. Woolcombe: *Mrs. Giles*, by *Gainsborough*. Courtenay Bulteel: *Bay*, by *Gainsborough*. R. Peter: *Leila*, *Mirandola*. H. B. Wrey: *Ellen* and *Bodkin*. Sir W. Molesworth: *Conrad*, *Queen of the Valley*. C. A. Harris: *Don Juan*, *Rosabelle*, *Skylark*, *Virginia*, *Stanislaus*. W. Coryton: *Raven*, *Blanche*, *Trooper*, *Rock*. F. Glanville: *The Count*, *Chesnut Mare*, by *Artus*. W. Morshead: *The Grey*, *Moina*. L. Heysett: *Quiz*, *Jerry*. Many of these horses, all well-bred and some thorough-bred, were capable of carrying great weight, especially those by *Gainsborough*, and the *Minna*, by *Amadis*, of Mr. George Leach, a perfect huntress, and moreover a winner many times over the flat—was an animal of the highest description. Nothing less than £500 at the present time would procure a similar hunter. The hacks of that day also were of a value now unknown in Devonshire for that essential requisite in a hunting stable. *Melmoth*, *Landsend*, *Lalage*, *Tantivy*, belonging to Mr. Charles Trelawny; *Georgiana*, *Ladybird*, *Gazelle*, C. A. Harris; *Mouse*, W. Coryton; *Jerry*, and the famed Roughtor pony, T. J. Phillipps—(from this moor pony were bred *Tom Thumb*, by *Gainsborough*, *Croom Hall*, *Tiny*, &c., belonging to C. Trelawny)—would be difficult to find without a long figure. The open extent of Broadbury, over which the majority of these horses went brilliantly, is not the ordinary Devonshire ground. The start is every thing as in the eastern shires; there is no time for leading over fences;—"Pray catch my horse, sir," is out of the question,—but it is a proper and thorough flying country. The north-west wind, providentially and kindly, permits no tall growth on the hedges, which on the moor are composed of furze, and hounds can be commanded, in common parlance, for miles.



The last run of Mr. Rolle, this season, given in a former letter, truly exemplified these particularities.

As a memorial of these times an ancient stone quarry in the grounds at Hayne, shadowed and overhung by trees, was hollowed out and paved, and rustic stalls, formed of blocks and slabs of Dartmoor granite, were arranged round the circular enclosure, which was named St. Hubert's Hall. A banner, with an appropriate device, and the carved head of a fox, on which was inscribed the residence of the particular member of the hunt, were placed over each stall; a *fête* of inauguration took place, and pic-nic parties often assembled in the quaint locality to do honour to the cause of fox-hunting. Out of twenty-two stalls, nine have been rendered tenantless by the dread summons.

|                                    |                                                  |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| GEORGE TEMPLER .....               | <i>Templa quam dilecta.</i>                      |
| JOHN RUSSELL .....                 | <i>ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν.</i>                              |
| THOMAS J. PHILLIPPS .....          | <i>Palmarum qui meruit ferat.</i>                |
| CHARLES TRELAWNY.....              | <i>*Gaudet tentamine virtus.</i>                 |
| WILLIAM CORYTON .....              | <i>Nulli secundus.</i>                           |
| SIR WALTER P. CAREW .....          | <i>Animo non astutid.</i>                        |
| JOHN BULTEEL .....                 | <i>Quem circumvolat jocus et<br/>Cupido.</i>     |
| GEORGE LEACH .....                 | <i>A man's a man for a' that.</i>                |
| JOHN MORTH WOOLLCOMBE.....         | <i>Stat promissa fides.</i>                      |
| FRANCIS GLANVILLE .....            | <i>Festina lente.</i>                            |
| AUGUSTUS CORYTON .....             | <i>Nec male notus eques.</i>                     |
| THOMAS WOOLLCOMBE .....            | <i>Cavendo tutus.</i>                            |
| C. ARTHUR HARRIS .....             | <i>Ready,—aye ready.</i>                         |
| PAUL O. TREBY .....                | <i>Gaudet equis et canibus.</i>                  |
| SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.....        | <i>Sic itur ad astra.</i>                        |
| SIR WALTER RALEIGH GILBERT .....   | <i>Virtuti fortuna comes.</i>                    |
| A. VAUGHAN DONNITHORNE HARRIS..... | <i>Tandem sit surculus arbor.</i>                |
| ROBERT PETER .....                 | <i>The sweetest hours that e'er<br/>I spent.</i> |
| E. CLARKE, of St. Dominick .....   | <i>Et militavi non sine gloria.</i>              |
| HENRY MORSEHEAD .....              | <i>Suaviter et fortiter.</i>                     |
| JOHN GLANVILLE .....               | <i>Floreat Etona.</i>                            |
| T. B. HARNESSE .....               | <i>Spargere voces non ambiguas</i>               |

\* In allusion to Coldrennick and the Derby of 1842.

Whilst speaking of the sporting events in this vicinity, it is a bounden duty to mention the early efforts of Mr. Harris Arundell to improve the breed of horses. He purchased *Smuggler*, by *Hambletonian*, out of *Maria*, by *Highflyer*, a horse of substance and great symmetry, and by him were got out of *Charlotte*, by *Orville*, *Lifton* and *Somerset*, remarkable for size and beauty. *Coronation*, dam by *Warrior*, grand dam by *Delpini*, was a model of strength and activity combined, and possessed every requisite for a perfect hunter.

The Landue hounds, after the secession of Mr. Phillpps from the mastership, were managed by Captain Horndon, and Mr. Mervyn Marshall, for a short period, hunted the Tetcott and Holsworthy district. By the death of Mr. Morgan, of Woodovis, the Tavistock country became vacant, and Mr. Henry Deacon consented to hunt the country together with that belonging to Mr. Newton, of Bridestowe, extending to the southern side of Broadbury as far as Gribbleford Bridge. This gentleman accepted the engagement with frankness, and performed it with a liberality that deserved a far different treatment from that which he received. Within a short space of time he collected a pack of hounds of excellent blood, and bred from the best kennels—such as those of Lord Henry Bentinck, Lord Yarborough, Mr. Foljambe, Mr. Assheton Smith, Lord Portsmouth, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Fitzwilliam. They were of the largest stamp, for in order to obtain a combination of goodness and the highest blood, Mr. Deacon was obliged to take hounds drafted for size. The majority of the entries came from Lord Henry Bentinck, and, unmindful of cost, Mr. Deacon usually took every season the draft entries of the Burton Kennel. In 1859 these hounds were purchased by Mr. Rolle, and they have now merged into various kennels, but wherever they have gone they have made themselves remarkable for merit. The hounds bred by Mr. Trelawny from Mr.



Deacon's *Lounger*, by the *Craven Larkspur*, out of Lord Portsmouth's *Rival*, are amongst his best; and *Liverpool*, by Mr. Assheton Smith's *Lexicon*, out of the Duke of Rutland's *Sinful*—a young hound of a grand size—is the model of a modern foxhound. The dam *Sinful*, a Belvoir on each side by *Control*, out of *Songstress*, was a worthy representative of that famous kennel.

Throughout his career, as a master of foxhounds, Mr. Deacon conducted himself towards the country in a most liberal and gentlemanly spirit. He was nominally supported by the neighbourhood, but notwithstanding this declared support, foxes were destroyed everywhere. In the parishes of Germansweek, Virginstowe, Broadwoodwidge and Thrusleton, more than 100 were killed in a year and a quarter, and a circumstantial list of the number, and of the coverts and farms where they had been destroyed, was placed, publicly and officially, in the hands of Dr. Harness, when chairman, in 1859, at the annual meeting of the subscribers to the hunt, convened at Tavistock. This vulpecidal list did not comprise a large number killed between Launceston and Tavistock, and in the neighbourhood of Tetcott. Without the sterling assistance of those staunch friends to the cause, Mr. Tremayne, of Sydenham, and Mr. Newton, of Milleaton, the country north of the Heathfield would have been a thorough blank. The coverts of Mr. Bradshaw also, at Gatherleigh, generally held a good fox, and to Mr. Nicholson Vowler is due the excellent run from Rutleigh Grange to Bremridge Wood. In Cornwall, Mr. Archer, of Trelask, although hunting himself elsewhere, preserved strictly, and his coverts were and are always full of foxes.

When the support given to a master of foxhounds consists in lip service only, and a destruction of foxes, known to be a fact, and proved by a continuity of blank days, ensues, there is but one course to pursue, and that Mr. Deacon adopted—to resign the country.

Since the secession of Mr. Deacon, the country, extending to the verge of Broadbury, has been hunted by Mr. William Leamon with a dwarf pack of foxhounds. These were partly obtained from Mr. Collins, of Newton, who gave up his establishment in 1860, and an important addition has been lately made from the kennel of Mr. Tout, of Burrington. When Mr. Russell and Mr. Harris coalesced in 1828, they drafted down to 35 couple, and Mr. Tout had the choice of the drafts. The best of the Hayne lot, two and three-year-old hunters, were out of the Belvoir *Rosamond*, by Mr. Russell's *Mercury*, and some of the descendants have now returned to the olden country, where they will be warmly welcomed. Mr. Leamon is a skilful and experienced sportsman, combining the steadiness of the old school with the more rapid evolutions of the present day. He is firmly supported by the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Carpenter, of Mount Tavy, and others in the neighbourhood of Tavistock; and it is to be hoped that those who have an antipathy to this glorious and national pastime will have, at the least, the manliness to avow their untoward propensities, so that the foxhunting public may not be misled by specious pretence, or foiled in their sport by disingenuous malpractice.

If fox coverts, the owners of which are nominally friendly, are found, day by day, to be tenantless, the keeper is anathematised and the farmer is reproached; for by one or by the other, and probably in concert and with one accord, the mischief has been perpetrated; but to them should not be attributed the more serious portion of the fault. The delinquency, on their part, is not precisely *proprio motu*. The error lies in a higher source and is duplex; in the act tacitly caused to be committed, and known to be committed, and in the denial of all knowledge after the act is completed. For this, so long as foxhunting is the amusement of and supported by gentlemen, properly so-called, there can be no apology; the transgression is of



the gravest nature, and is utterly unpardonable; and it may be said, advisedly, that an open consent to uphold foxhunting as a national sport, in conjunction with an occult antagonism, by conniving at the use of traps and poison by persons said to be unknown or non-existent—if honour be something more than an empty word—amounts morally to turpitude.

*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*

## LETTER V.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1828, the late Mr. Pode, of Slade, relinquished hunting, and his country was transferred to Mr. King, and Mr. Bulteel, of Lyneham. It may not be necessary to search for the reasons that induced the veteran sportsman to retire from the field, but certain gunning and ginning malpractices might have been one of the various causes. This inference may be fairly drawn, for a distinguished member of the hunt composed a series of anathemas against vulpecides in canticles of a character not less stringent in spirit than those pronounced of yore on the Hebraic Mount. Every contingency was met, the charge was laid, a verdict found, and sentence passed. These lyric Epistles of Paul to the Danmonians were framed upon the style of the "Divine Commedie" of Dante, wherein the peccant Vulpecides were treated after the fashion measured out by the Ghibelline Poet upon his enemies in the Inferno. The philippics have been commented upon and eulogised in one of the racy effusions of George Templer, wherein it is related, "with the veracity that belongs to Verse," that upon the last blank day of John Roberts, the huntsman, he pulled out his pocket edition of the "*Horæ Paulinæ*," and having sounded his trump at the top of the dungeon at Pyles, with clenched fist and stentorian voice, shouted out the chapters of curses from end to end.

The connexion of Mr. King and Mr. Bulteel was merely temporary, and Mr. Bulteel succeeded to the country and took the hounds of Mr. Pode. The latter gentleman had bred from a bitch hound called *Whimsey*,



by Mr. Salusbury Trelawny's, afterwards Sir William Trelawny's, *Whirligig*, out of the Fourborough *Vanity*. According to tradition *Whirligig* was an extraordinary hound in every way, and it is said that he could kill a fox single handed. Certain it is that both the hound and his master performed feats that old men still love to chronicle. On one occasion, the story goes, Salusbury Trelawny had brought his fox, late in the day and nearly at nightfall, to a point on the Tamar below Newbridge. The river was swollen and rapid, and it was judged impossible for a fox to have swam such a distance and in so rapid a stream. Salusbury Trelawny thought otherwise, so did *Whirligig*; and neither were of a temper to be diverted from their purpose. Getting into a small boat, he was rowed over to the other side, sitting in the stern and holding the bridle of his hunter, *Cattern* or *Lufra*, lightly in hand, and the mare and the hound—both animals attached in a singular degree to their chivalrous master, crossed together, swimming side by side—not a hound followed. *Whirligig* recovered the line on the other side, killed the half-drowned fox; and master, hound, and horse, with the head and brush, returned the way they came. Brave "Old Sarum!" he was indeed a glorious fellow. He and Newton Fellowes were samples of the "genus homo" not easily to be found in a modern day.

*Whimsey* was given by Mr. Phillipps to Mr. Paul Treby, and by him transferred to Mr. Pode. She had a famous litter by Mr. King's *Epicure*, by Mr. Ward's *Bertram* out of Sir Thomas Mostyn's *Elegance*,—*Warbler*, *Waverley*, *Wanderer*, and *Winifred*. These, with some superior bitches from Dr. Troyte, formed the staple of the Lyneham Kennel. The hounds of Mr. Pode had a high character for steady work, with true and lasting qualities, and were precisely the sort of hound adapted for the rough moor country and the difficulties with which they had to contend. This did not altogether satisfy the

desires of Mr. Bulteel, who was partial to that elastic delivery and rapid brilliancy of movement that distinguish the high-bred foxhound. Family connexions caused him to visit the North of England, and to this may be attributed, in great measure, the peculiar blood that he afterwards infused into his kennel. The Lambton *Pantaloon* proved a most judicious cross, and *Jessica* from the same pack was the dam of superior hounds by the *Whirligig* descendants. At a later period *Nonsuch* from the Fitzwilliam, and *Regent* out of Mr. Ward's *Harrowgate*, with *Neptune*, from the Grafton Kennel, became the stock hounds. *Neptune*, as a sire, was second only in fame to the Osbaldeston *Furrier*, and his son *Nigel* was equally good.

The Lyneham hounds were gifted with that airiness of action and fine bold spirit in their work that was sure to make them popular and admired. Those who are acquainted with the country they hunted, well know the woodlands about Dean Prior and Skeriton, and can bear witness that the rapidity with which they thrust a fox through those large coverts, and forced him to the open moor, was always a most laudable performance. And they had another essentiality well worthy of comment from its frequent absence in the present day, and that is tongue. Mr. Bulteel had bred largely from *Warbler*, whom he had always said was rightly named, and the cross upon the Lambton *Jessica* perpetuated that harmony on the part of the sire which is a charming auxiliary, as it is an imperative ingredient, to the real delight of hunting. It cannot be gainsaid that extreme pace takes away from a hound the power of speaking, and hence it is that hounds over the open say little or nothing, yet upon coming to enclosures and coverts they fling their tongues again with comparative freedom. But there is a fatal drawback in mute hunting, for a hound is a clever animal, and possesses a rationale often equal to that of many who



follow him. One of his qualities is emulation, that is, an eagerness to get before his fellows in competitive strife; and if on a find, by taking the line silently and unobserved, he can obtain a start, a success in going away and leading will cause a repetition of the offence. It is rare that a hound is mute upon his entry, but he becomes so afterwards either from a peculiarity of breed or from individual and inveterate vice. This defect is less mischievous to the eastward and in the metropolitan district than in this country; for the first whip in those localities can always be in his place to counteract the evil; but in these cramp and intricate coverts of Devonshire, and with boundary embankments of a quarter of a century of growth upon them, a fox cannot always be commanded by the cleverest of whips; and a mute hound, and there are too many such culprits in the present day, by getting away alone and undetected, will effectually mar, has often marred lately, and will mar again, many a promising run.

Without an active and intelligent whipper-in, who can depend upon himself, a pack of hounds is incomplete and cannot work with advantage; and until of late in no county has the value of this important functionary been so thoroughly ignored as in Devonshire. It was held of yore—in the primeval epoch of old Arscott of Tetcott—when sportsmen of degree sat down to dinner in greasy leather breeches, tattered slippers and with loosened shirt collars, to facilitate the process of deglutition—that a burly groom, with a powerful arm to crack a hunting-whip of the size and shape of a flail, was all sufficient, and the incessant din of the machine, with the attendant cries of often unmerited anguish, commenced from the instant hounds were thrown into covert, and continued until their exit. The recollection and repute of Will Long and Bill Todd, under the reign of Philip Payne, will long be treasured in the Beaufort country; and still more perfect—a perfection that from peculiarity of cir-

cumstance can never again be witnessed—were the Stover assistants of renown, Harry Taylor and Russell. When Mr. Russell established his pack of 1828, he had in the field with him a sharp lad, Sammy, upon an equally sharp moor pony. The horn of Russell was equivalent to, and sufficed for a second whip, and Sammy had to learn the rudiments of his avocation as first whip, and to depend upon his natural sagacity. But the tutor was at hand. On a return from hunting with Mr. Newton Fellowes or Sir Arthur Chichester, Mr. Russell was wont to summon Sammy to the dining-room, and having cautioned him to be careful to collect his wits, and not to answer in a hurry, he related some particular occurrence of the day's sport, and then came the postulate, "in such a conjunction—as whip—what would you have done?" Sammy duly reflected, with his eye fixed on Russell, and gave his deliberate answer. "The right" was rewarded with a glass of port, and "the wrong" called forth the symbol and instrument of the correctional office. This mode of examination was elementarily practical, in a far higher degree than that propounded by the more elaborate system of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir John Trevelyan, to candidates for Governmental offices. The latter has resulted in collecting together a legion of under-bred and artificially-crammed intellects, adverse to the process of mental digestion, and supremely useless for any utilitarian vocation; whereas Sammy became a clever fellow. Moreover, the Northcote and Trevelyan "alumni" never have the solacing glass of port.

When the mastership of the hounds had devolved upon Mr. Trelawny he appealed somewhat largely to the Fitzwilliam and Tedworth Kennels, the Grafton having been purchased by Mr. Assheton Smith. The Bulteel hounds were judged by him to be in a degree "too gaudy,"—we adopt the expression of Mr. Trelawny,—and he selected a short-legged bitch from the North Warwickshire, *Gad-*



*about*, bred by the late General Wyndham, to correct the attributed defect. Until this time these hounds had been noticeable for their liveliness and lightness of tongue; but the short, harsh and niggard voice of *Gadabout* was inherited by her descendants, and could not have been much improved by *Tomboy*, from the Rufford Kennel, whose sire and dam were both bred by Mr. Ralph Lambton. When the Lambton hounds hunted Leicestershire they were unmistakeably chary of their voices, and the complaint was made even by men indifferent sportsmen in the aggregate, and careless of every thing except pace. This error, it was true, was excused by the Northerns, who denied the original sin, and attributed its casualty to the pressure of the great numbers to which the hounds were unaccustomed, and were, on that account, comparatively cowed; but the lapse was never obviated in the latter end of the season, when the hounds shewed a succession of brilliant runs, and got clear away from the foremost of the Melton field. Be that as it may, Mr. Bulteel, who esteemed a hound retentive of tongue to be unworthy, would never have introduced into his pack, knowingly and advisedly, so serious an imperfection. There must have been a faulty stain after the importation of *Pantaloon*.

The hounds of Mr. Trelawny are hunted in a single pack, and, therefore, are less level than other establishments which can afford a double display. They are full sized, muscular and firmly limbed, deep in the shoulder, with the prominent feature of being lengthy, which, when combined with symmetry, is at once conducive to speed. Their hunting properties are good, and accompanied by that style of flinging action which stamps the performance of the true foxhound.

Mr. Trelawny is breeding largely from Lord Portsmouth's *Lincoln* and *Seaman*, hounds well shaped and of general excellence, and they have also the merit of being

remarkable for tongue and for close and speedy line hunting. It can never be asserted too often that fast line hunting upon a half scent is the grand desideratum of a pack of foxhounds, and this property characterises, in an uncommon degree, the Eggesford Kennel. It is rare, indeed, for an establishment in so short a period as that of Lord Portsmouth, to have attained and justified such a signal reputation. This success marks the difference betwixt the thorough sportsman and the impostor with a silver hunting horn at his saddle. A first-rate establishment, when presided over by the latter, gradually deteriorates and sinks into a position of drivelling worthlessness; whereas the other, even supposing him to have commenced with an inferior commodity, will not fail by care and judgment to produce, ere long, a pack of distinguished and brilliant hounds.

Mr. Trelawny has had some excellent runs during the latter part of the season—fast and conclusive. One occurred, in the Cornish meeting, from Delank to Roughtor and Brownwilly, over the moor, returning to Delank, which had the single defect of being a circular instead of a straight run. It was not very fast at the beginning, for the scent was not beyond the average, but the pace increased until it became one of excellence, and they raced away over that fine and most rideable moorland, and were not once cast until the return to Delank. It was a very perfect chase in every sense, and condition was served to the utmost. There was necessarily a due allotment of sorrow amongst the holiday hunters, for a run of this description requires a conditioned animal. The huntsman—Crocker—went right well throughout with his leading hounds, and all the horses of the Coldrennick stable fully proved the value of regular work and thorough condition.

A moor fox is an animal unknown to the eastward. High on leg, long, wiry, and powerful, and compelled to



travel far for his scant and early meal, he is a most redoubtable customer to meet at any time, especially after two o'clock. One such patriarch of the desert would be good for a whole season with a pack of harriers, for they could never run up to him fairly. He must be thoroughly chased right away, and every advantage taken of him. He is not to be handled after a thirty minutes' burst, but requires a long stern chase at very speed; and the Delank fox was of this description.

These Cornish assemblages, in the spring, with their centre at Coldrennick, are amongst the most pleasant of the West country. The ground, second only to Broadbury, holds a high scent, is level, with fences few and far between, affording a thorough command of hounds, and is safe, with only moderate luck, to shew a good run. And the evening hospitality at Coldrennick is not to be classed amongst the least agreeable appendages of this Cornish week. A successful day evokes a sense of benevolence; promotes in the breast an amiability of terms with the world in general; renders the taciturn communicative; and unlocks the innermost thoughts of the reserved. Then again the post-prandial dispositions, if not directed to subjects of serious moment, according to the ascetic code of an ill-conditioned utilitarianism, are at least free from the jar of worldly jealousy and contention, and are of a winning sociality, which must have been well known to the lyric monitor of old when he wrote—

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco,  
Large reponens, atque benignius  
Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,  
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.

Mr. Trelawny has for many years been before the world as a master of foxhounds. At the time he assumed the management, he was the only person who had a chance

to contend happily against that which appeared to be the decay of fox-hunting in his portion of the country. There was an apathy that threatened this favourite sport with extinction, requiring a persevering energy to eradicate so as to restore it once more to the popular favour of the neighbourhood. The cause was ably seconded by Sir Walter Carew and Sir Henry Seale, to whose exertions and support, under every difficulty, the sportsmen of South Devon are greatly indebted. But the success of Mr. Trelawny is due to his personal popularity. Although having the power to hunt regularly in distant and more classical shires, he has preferred to adhere through a long course of years to his "Home" country, of which he is and ever has been the mainstay and guiding spirit. Generous and straightforward, resolute yet urbane, he has passed through life with that unswerving integrity of purpose and action, that commands, as much as it deserves, general respect and favour. When, on rising to address the meeting at the late dinner to the masters of hounds at Exeter, Mr. Trelawny was received by rounds of applause, long continued, and repeated again and again for several minutes; the men of Devon intended to mark by that signal demonstration, their affectionate regard and high respect for one, their companion and friend, who had long trod the straight path of unerring rectitude. The word Rectitude shall have a quick and lucid interpretation.

In the year 1842, *Coldrennick*, the property of Mr. Trelawny, was first favourite for the Derby, and was a most dangerous horse for certain of the fielders. The steadiness of his position in the market rendered theirs particularly uncomfortable, and they resolved to counteract the state of the betting at any cost. Persons deputed by this gang had an interview with a friend of Mr. Trelawny, resident in London, and made an offer of purchase. The sum of three thousand was boldly tendered, and although they were assured it would be of no



avail, yet the proposal was necessarily forwarded to Mr. Trelawny. On the day following these parties met another friend of Mr. Trelawny, who gave a similar assurance, when it was replied, "Will money buy? for we are prepared to go on; say double—£6,000." The answer of "the" Charles Trelawny arrived, thus laconically expressed, "The horse *Coldrennick* is the property of the public until after the race."

The pen, more used to indite matters of a serious temper, has been employed on a topic of recreation, nevertheless, not one that can be accounted either light or trivial. Fox-hunting has its phasis of national utility, not less than that of amusement, and therefore has a direct claim for that catholic support which is its honourable right. The tone of every thing connected with the sports of the field has been mellowed by social and educational progress. This has obliterated the coarseness of the last century, and has substituted, in its stead, a gladsome suavity, that without detracting from the essential principle of wild excitement, has added a refinement, which has enabled many of the fairer and gentler sex to participate in the exhilarating pastime. The fact is acknowledged by the presence in the hunting field of the philosopher and the minister of state, the clerical dignitary and the law giver, the peer and the farmer; and the unanimity of approbation and delight that thus pervades all classes in the prosecution of this favourite sport, must surely stamp it with the seal of public value and cause it to be ranked amongst the meritorious and national establishments of the country.

Our task is ended. It has been a mournful pleasure to embody the reminiscences of former and loved associates who have passed to their long home; it has been most grateful to record the feats and virtues of the living; and if a stern expression has been used from necessity, it must be borne in mind that the wrong cannot be represented

by a silver word, or truth be satisfied with a portion only of its birthright. We must now say to the friends of by-gone youth, and the companions of a later day,

Farewell,—a word that must be and hath been,—  
A sound which makes us linger.

And for that glorious and gallant pastime, the common bond of fellowship and pleasure, which has united us for so many years, our hearty aspirations for its wellbeing and triumph shall be summed up in the single word—  
“*Florescat.*”



## LETTER VI.

### MOORCOMBE CORNER.

My Dear "Foxhunter, ROUGH AND READY."

LONG years, and many, have elapsed since our transient antagonism, in the pages of the Old Magazine, followed by a lasting friendship of some seven or eight years beyond the quarter of a century. Time during that period has obliterated much that was cherished and dear both to you and myself; yet a saving confidence remains to me, that the venatorial ardour of your youthful day has resisted its withering influence, and that beneath the snows of age still lurk the fires that were wont to be ignited at Stall Moor—at Deephatches and Roughtor, and in the more legitimate and most legitimate country in the Western district, that of Tetcott and Broadbury. These memories, albeit grateful, especially at the fireside after a successful day, and mellowed by the righteousness of a '34 vintage, are, in a degree, shadowed by the unwelcome facts of lost fellowship and the departure of many who zealously and joyfully participated in a diversion upon which nationality has affixed its cardinal stamp. Templer, Newton Fellowes, Bulteel and Phillipps belong to the past, and three of them have gone, before their time, to the fated bourne from whence no traveller returns; but the decree went forth, and we must bear in mind the old theme of our Etonian exercise—

*"Durum, sed levius fit patientiâ,  
Quicquid corrigere est nefas."*

Of the establishments of the above masters of hounds, two have altogether ceased to be and have been dispersed, and the others have been vastly changed and improved. That of Lord Portsmouth may be said to be of entirely

fresh blood. The Landue hounds were transferred to Mr. Archer, of Trelaske; he was succeeded by Captain Horndon, and at a later period the Tetcott district was taken by Mr. Mervyn Marshall, who relinquished hunting in 1855, or thereabouts. That country, and the better portion of it known as the Broadbury country, is now hunted by Mr. Rolle; and perhaps you may relish to hear tidings of the wild hunting grounds, over and through which in a bygone day we have ridden together in tumultuous delight.

Mr. Rolle took the West Devon, I believe, in 1858, from Mr. Moore Stevens. The hounds, formerly bred or collected by the late Mr. Furse, of Halston, after a short time were drafted, and those of Mr. Deacon were purchased, and together with drafts from other kennels of repute, formed the establishment of 1859-60.

In every department, with the exception of the respected master, it may be said to have been unsuccessful; but the hounds themselves formed a worthy portion. It is difficult to repress and to blight the energies of a high-bred foxhound; and although want of condition, imperfect kennel management, and a brutality of discipline, instead of a kindliness of command, may go far to damage his natural ability,—yet his daring courage and perseverance, under any maltreatment, will still stand him in good need when well settled in chase. Suffice it to say that retaining a few of the hounds of Mr. Deacon, and more might have remained with advantage, with some entries from the kennel of Sir Watkins W. Wynne, an entire change was effected—and subsequently Mr. Rolle became the proprietor of the larger and best portion of the Rufford hounds, with fresh servants and other appurtenances.

Rumour, another word for gossip, had already been busy in dealing out the measures of praise and dispraise, with a predominance of the latter, as a matter of course, and in the earlier part of the season it was averred that the



hounds were mute,—that the huntsman was unwieldy and rather slow, and that the first whip was “over six feet long.” The meaning of this, reduced to common sense, and divested of its prurient secretion, was, that strange hounds, handled by strange men, were hunting a strange country for the first time. At Blagdon, the Blagdon of our old friend George Leach—on the 25th of the last month they had to contend with a bad fox and worse scent, accounting for and earthing him in Henford Wood. Even then there was a sufficiency of work displayed to create a suspicion of the truth, and to cause a desire to have a more favourable opportunity to test the merits of men and hounds. It was not long before the occasion was afforded.

On Friday, the 8th, the fixture was at Halwell (Holywell) village, in the very centre of the best country of the West of England; and as you and I in days of yore have so often gone over every inch of those wild moors, and have shaken hands together at the bottom of sundry of those bogs, I am confident that it will be pleasing to you to hear the details of the run that Mr. Rolle had on that day, and the comments thereon. I will premise that the meet was at eleven o’clock—a charming hour, that permits a man to get over five-and-twenty miles of ground to covert with ease, and without any excuse for being late.

The Halwell gorses or brakes, always light, ragged and uncertain, were drawn blank, notwithstanding that, during the snow, it was said that foxes “had been walking about like sheep.” It was quite true that they had been strictly preserved by the farmers, and in all justice to them be it acknowledged, and to their honour be it spoken. The hounds were then taken to a plantation, a short distance beyond Halwell Barrow. In a few minutes a fox was up, and making a short turn through the covert came away for the open, over Halwell Moor. Here the field,

or a great portion, had stationed themselves in small detachments for more than a mile on the road to Black Torrington, and back he went. The tail hounds, in the meantime, had come upon another, and whilst the leading hounds turned and raced back to their fellows, a third fox crossed behind, and was only seen by three couple and a-half; they broke covert with him, going straight over Stonequarry Hill, sinking the vale, and leaving Oldham to the right. The body of the pack remained with the second fox in the plantation, and, in the meantime, the first fox went away over the moors to Halwell, facing a fine open country. But it was a long time before the hounds could be got out of covert. Three horns were going at the same time; the field was intractable; the hounds bewildered; the ground stained; and Mr. Rolle determined, and properly determined, to draw for a fresh fox. Three couple and a-half had gone some way with the third fox, with the whip, Mr. Lowth, and a farmer, and were running well when stopped. You may remember this Mr. George Lowth, as he was the person who, in 1833, with Phillipps' hounds, rode over Werrington Park wall, with a drop into the deer park of twelve feet. He was riding a black entire horse, *Stanislaus*, by *Sir Hildebrand*, belonging to Arthur Harris of Hayne. It required legs of iron in the horse, and nerves of iron in the rider, to accomplish so Myttonian a feat; and you may also recollect an old acquaintance of ours—Paul Treby—a stranger to Mr. Lowth, coming up to him, hat in hand, and saying, "Sir, I honour you from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot." The second fox went away to Beaworthy, Hollow Moor, and towards the mystic and perilous coverts of Ashbury.

On to Moorcombe Corner.—From this well-known covert, surrounded on all sides, save one, by moor land, a fox is safe to shew a run. The morning, which had been bright, became cloudy, with a sharp cold wind and drizzling



rain. This covert of copse and light gorse, irregularly divided into glades, slopes northward, and of its kind is perfect. There was a night scent in the lower grounds, and the hounds feathered eagerly as they came up the hill and into the thick patch of copse at the summit. After a few moments a deep chop from Mr. Deacon's *Ferryman* made all right, and a large dog-fox came away quietly and with unconcern, going into the shallow plantation on the Hollacombe side. Here he was headed by some of the field in the road, and after one turn through the whole extent of the covert, with every hound at him, out he went from the lower side over the open to Whiteleigh Moor, and on to Brandis Corner. To this point the pace was good, although the scent was far from being satisfactory; yet over such ground and close to their game, the hounds could not fail to stream away. They now crossed the Holsworthy road above the Bickford Arms, into the Dunsland coverts. Here there was some delay with a double scent, and evidently another fox was on foot in these well preserved woods. The huntsman was very quiet, getting steadily to the upper covert of Dunsland; and having determined in his mind which was the hunted fox, he clapped on to him quickly, and the first whip, perfectly in his place on the lower side, brought up the other hounds, and away. This was well done. The coverts were large and intricate, and although the manœuvre may seem simple and easy to the uninitiated, the practical development of it is quite of another temper. The hounds, now settling down to their fox, ran him from copse to moor, and then over freshly ploughed land, through fields stained with sheep and cattle, and again upon better ground to Langley brake. This was cleverly done at a fast hunting pace; the change of soil from that which carried high scent, to that which held it indifferently and not at all, was most trying to hounds; but the huntsman held them on lightly with a short and encouraging

cheer, and there was no ostensible check. Over the fresh fallow little was said, but on getting into the woody valleys, and over grass and rushy meadows, the hounds spoke sufficiently and well. A better example of the difference betwixt the modes of foxhunting and hare-hunting on equivocal scent could not have been exhibited than this part of the chase from Dunsland to Langley brake. Langley brake is a long and extended gorse or whin on the side of a low valley of several acres in extent. Every hound was at and speaking to him, and here the field divided—Mr. Rolle with the huntsman and major part of the field being on the lower side, whilst a few old hands, Messrs. Heysett, Melhuish, Nicholson Vowler and others took the upper ground, down wind and ready for a start over the moors to the westward. Out came a fox to them with a single hound, going away over the open towards Anvill corner. The main body of the hounds, coming almost to the very spot where he had broken, turned short back, still running hard and close to their hunted fox. He now went away at the lower corner, down the valleys, under Cookbury, the pace increasing, and on to Thornbury, where, being sorely pressed, he turned short back, and the hounds raced him to Dunsland, where he was pulled down—an old dog-fox, and the time some minutes short of two hours. It was a most satisfactory chase, although the fox took the worst line of country that he could have selected. The three others, two from Halwell barrow plantation, and the other from Langley, went over the finest parts of the Broadbury and Holsworthy moors. Altogether there were seven foxes on foot this day.

The majority of these hounds were formerly known as “the Rufford,” and furnish ample evidence that my old Leicestershire acquaintance, Captain Percy Williams, thoroughly comprehended the requisites of a modern fox-hound. They are full, but not over-sized, even, powerful



and muscular, deeply chested, with strong back and loins, but not remarkable for length. When standing still, there is an absence of that elegant longitude, so prized by John Bulteel, and pre-eminent in the hounds of Osbaldeston, and those of the Belvoir in Goosey's time, and which might have been seen and was exemplified, when old *Harmony*, by *Furrier*, who with a puppy at her side, was sold for 200 guineas, used to look in the 'Squire's face and manifest her attachment by a snaky movement of satisfaction from stem to stern. But the instant these hounds are in motion, they are all strength and activity, possessing an ease and elasticity that enable them to get over their ground with dash and pace. They hold well together, are stout, indefatigable and handy, especially when it is remembered that it is their first season, with fresh hands, in a strange country, and mingled with other hounds. Of their tongues it may be said that, with a bad scent, they are not disposed to fling it overmuch; neither should a foxhound be called upon to cry "Eureka," upon a stale and worthless line with his fox an hour before him. The forward cast of the huntsman is then the thing required. In the Moorcombe run of Friday they spoke fairly, and a portion of the field, riding parallel with them, but in a position that may be termed the outer circle, can testify to their vocal assistance in maintaining the line of chase. They are brought out in excellent condition, and the kennel management appears to be efficient. They are foxhounds—*nemine contradicente*. Yet, good as they may be, doubtless they will be better, for no hound can contend so well with the intricacies and peculiarities of this country, as one bred, or, at any rate, entered at home. Neither expense nor inconvenience should be spared to send to a line hunting hound with dash. Stooping to scent, with an acknowledgment of it even slightly lavish, is indispensable for this country, but the dash of devilry is paramount and imperative.

George Whitmore, the huntsman, who was said to be too stout to cross Devonshire, is much the same in person and weight as that honest and faithful servant the late Charles Strickland, for many years huntsman to the John Morth Woolcombe of a more genial day, and than whom there was not a closer rider to hounds. Whitmore is patient and evidently intent on mastering the peculiarities of the country, and not willing to be too prominent until the lesson be learnt, which he has nearly accomplished. His mode of handling the hounds on Friday from Dunsland to Langley was a sufficient proof to any one conversant with fox-hunting, of his thorough proficiency in his profession. His voice is good and clear, though not loud, with the one objection, that the cheer of encouragement in drawing for his fox and on finding him is without distinction. The scream of Jack Russell when he has found would put heart into the veriest cur. He rides, when required, with determination and with a steady hand, and does not uselessly distress his horse. On Friday he was never absent from his hounds through the difficult bottoms to Thornbury, when the fox turned short back, and the first became last and the last first. Here again he regained his place at the finish, although the pace was too good to admit of catching hounds without the finishing turn in the Dunsland coverts. The condition of the hounds and their lively perseverance at the end of long days, after having come long distance, is a guarantee of his kennel ability.

Of the whip, Boxall, the son of Will Boxall, with whom I have had, formerly, many a gallop over Herefordshire, I can only say that he is not inferior to what Will Derry was wont to be, and better far than "Beery" Jack Stevens. Todd would approve of him. In his mode of work he is the counterpart of Shawyer, who used to whip up to Foster in the palmy days of the H. H., when Truman Villebois was their master. His quickness in



## LETTER VII.

### BROADBURY.

ON Thursday, the 7th of this month, the hounds of the Hon. Mark Rolle met at Hindabarrow, in the centre of the open country of Broadbury. The meet on the summit of the table moorland, at the old mound of the civil wars, sprinkled with gorse and still testifying, by its rude and tumular form, the uses to which it had been formerly consecrated, is the best that the West of England can afford. The expanse of ground diversified by moors, pastures of common and large enclosures, certifies by these characteristics its claim to rank far above the average of an ordinary provincial. There is no impediment for a man proper, with his heart in the right place and with a horse of ability and pedigree, to be distant from hounds whithersoever they may lead; and the country, from its very nature of supplying short heather and rushes, holds a scent that enables a foxhound to put forth his utmost energies in the combination of hunt and chase.

The Metherill brakes were drawn blank. They lie well to the southward, surrounded by a large and sheltering hedge, and with a little care and management may be converted into one of the strongholds of the district. A straggling continuation of gorse extends to North Coombe brake, where the hounds were thrown in. For a few minutes there was not a symptom of a find; at last, in the centre of this large and overgrown brake of many acres, a sharp note was heard, then another and another. He was up, and nowhere to go for shelter, in the shape of a

large woodland, in this most charmingly open and level country. There was little or no scent in the brake; for dry and withered gorse prickles were strewn underneath, and to the widely-separated stems of the old furze plants not a particle of scent adhered. Here the fox remained for nearly half-an-hour, occasionally shewing himself, but reluctant to leave a harbour that gave him such a telling advantage over hounds. At last Whitmore forced him into an isolated corner separated from the rest of the brake by a small path, and with the hounds well at him, he was forced to fly and was tallied by the whip. He first made for the higher moorland; then turned sharp to North Combe Farm, crossing the farm road, and turning again went over Scotland acres, taking a straight line over the heath for Broadbury Castle. The pace now became extreme, without a bush or hedge-row to hide him, and the chase assumed the aspect and was in reality what in provincial parlance is usually termed a "blazing run"—but which, in a more careful expression, may be described as that rushing stream of hounds in chase,—away and away in the eager flush of confidence and success,—the mottled body of the pack undulating like the folds of a serpent, according to the inequality of the ground, and varying according to the change of lead, furnishing forth a brilliant example of foxhounds in their highest mettle, doing their utmost to realize the effect for which they had been scientifically bred. It was, indeed, a gallant sight, over a country in which hounds may be seen and commanded without an intervening impediment, firm mounds sprinkled with tufts of gorse—being a substitute for huge hedge-banks, surmounted with plashed growth—in common enclosures of vast acreage, and through the means of heather and rushes carrying a scent that causes a pace which can admit only the slightest whimper of acknowledgment.

On—on to the road between Hindabarrow and Broadbury Castle—crossing it without a pause, and passing over



the crest of the hill, down the sloping ground to Tichener, leaving Brimsworthy to the right and on to Kimber Moor. Here he was dead beat, and failing to ascend the upland towards West Kimber village, he turned short into the narrow marsh under Pachecot, where he was viewed by Mr. Rolle, and Whitemore catching hold of the leading hounds, with one wave of his hand turned them on the line—up wind, and every hound raced into him. This masterly finish was effectually performed by Whitemore with lightning rapidity. Time, a few seconds short of 37 minutes from North Combe brake, without a check or cast.

Mr. Rolle and Mr. Sleeman took and maintained the lead from end to end, and in closest proximity were Messrs. Heysett, Morshead, Melhuish, Trefusis, Deane, Chichester, Carpenter, &c. The men were all in their places, and Whitemore rode a fast and superb fencer. It was a source of gratification to all to see Mr. Newton, of Milleaton, once more in the field.

There were only thirteen couple and half of hounds from the usual causes at this period of the season. Throughout this run of excessive pace not a tail hound was to be seen, and those of Mr. Deacon, from the kennel of Lord Henry Bentinck, did true and good service. One hound of this year's entry, we believe, *Clinker*, raced for the lead and led all the way over the moor to the Hols-worthy-road, proving the truth of the remark in a former letter, that hounds bred and entered in the country will always form the best and staple commodity of a Devonshire establishment.

On going afterwards to the distant coverts of Fursdon and Bratton Clovelly, the way led by Broadbury Castle; and to him to whom this hunting country may be a *terra incognita*, and who may be inclined to doubt its superiority over anything in the West, let him stand on the old Roman mound, and be it said to him, *circumspice*.

THE DEVONIAN OF 1828.

The following lyrics are from the pen of the late Mr. George Templer. These sportive effusions,—*ad sodales*—in which the pleasures of a former day are gracefully recounted, may not be unacceptable to the participators and survivors of those festive hours, who mingle with the memory of the past a mournful regard for departed friends. To no one can the sentiment of regret be more fitly consecrated, than to the accomplished author of these clever poems.

## THE CHULMLEIGH CLUB.

1814.

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A STRANGER to Chulmleigh, I once pass'd through the place,  
 When the club was met there, so I joined in the chase;  
 Determined to witness how the thing was done there,  
 And partake, if invited, of Mrs. Pike's fare.  
 To covert we trotted, dressed in scarlet so bright,  
 When the hounds were paraded, led on by Dick Knight; (1)  
 For the huntsman (2) to take them, too proud or too slack,  
 Sent his horse with his hounds, and rode there on his hack;  
 Then assuming the reins of his favourite mare, (3)  
 Gives the word "Covert hoick,"—"Halloo"—"push him up  
 there."  
 Soon the furze like the sea was all waving in motion,  
 Says a little black man, (4) "That's a sweet pretty notion;"  
 But a look of rebuke and this gentle reproof,  
 "Do pray, sir, be quiet," glued his tongue to the roof.



Now Dick Knight and the huntsman both opening their eyes,  
 Staring wild with delight as I did with surprise ;  
 Screamed, "He's up, hoick, have at him, have at him, good  
 hounds !"'

"Gone away, hoick halloo !" through the valley resounds.

Soon away went the field all together at first,  
 But most wofully strung by a very sharp burst ;  
 Myself on a pony gently mounting a hill,  
 Unused to the bustle, was resolved to stand still ;  
 But the fox ran a ring so convenient for me,  
 That each turn of the hounds I distinctly could see ;  
 And the riders passed on like the ghosts in Macbeth,  
 Their hearts panting for glory, their horses for breath.  
 (5) A Buck that rode first, though unconscious of fear,  
 Bounded fence after fence like a heartstricken deer ;  
 Bold *Hussar*, he pushed on at the top of his speed,  
 Resolved rather to perish than give up the lead.

(6) Then a second like the first, whose pluck knew no bounds,  
 With his hat on one side, all his soul in the hounds ;  
 So easy, so careless, he reclined on his mare,  
 But one eye in her head, and that eye in the air.  
 Over hedges he flew, trusting all to good luck,  
 'Twas no wonder he flew, for he rode on a *Duck*.

(7) Next the little black man, a bold son of the Church,  
 Now seem'd only afraid to be left in the lurch ;  
 On good terms with himself, and well pleased with his nag,  
 Exclaimed as he pass'd me with the speed of a stag,  
 "By G—— this is capital—see yonder they run,  
 When my Jim goes to school, I'll have more of this fun."

(8) Then a little stout man, with no guide but his nose,  
 Shuts his eyes, cries, "Come up, sir !" and over he goes ;  
 Ah *Calvin*, 'tis in vain you would flinch and say no,  
 'Tis a Churchman that rules, and by George you must go ;  
 If he flogs in the pulpit as he spurs in the field,  
 To him Methodists, Quakers, Jews, Turks must all yield ;  
 In ecstasy screaming, on old *Tonchey* came Knight,

(9) Jack Fortescue smiling, in his seat bolt upright,  
 Charged at him, and on him, over mountain and vale,  
 With his spurs in his horse, and his nose in Dick's tail.

(10) Next bye came a grey horse, eighteen hands at the least,  
 Some called him a *Giant*, 'twas indeed a great beast,  
 His rider was White, who cast a wistful eye back  
 On the loins of his hunter, and wished he was black.

- (11) A long gentleman soon came on rubbing his nose,  
Six feet and two inches from his head to his toes ;  
On a horse of great price, but deficient in speed,  
Whose sides were of silver, but his heels seemed of lead.
- (12) I espied in the distance, a youth on a grey,  
Who to my mode of thinking rode quite the wrong way ;  
Nought availed it to him that the hounds were gone west,  
He thought fit to ride east, and no doubt he knew best.
- (13) Now on thorough-bred horses, at the top of their speed,  
Came the 'Squire and his friends trying hard for the lead.
- (14) First of these, glided by as a spectre of woe,  
On a horse high in bone with his tail very low ;  
Almost drowned in a pond he imprudently cross'd,  
He found fault with the scent, though the hounds he had lost.
- (15) Four hundred were refused for the next flying steed,  
A proof that of money the rider had no need.
- (16) On a mare from the plough, sweating drops of strong beer,  
The fat priest of the parish jogged on in the rear ;  
But a flight of stout rails soon the progress arrests  
Of those who were careful of their necks or their beasts ;  
To pull them down quick, the civil farmer prepares,  
"No, no," says the 'Squire, Stephen (17) saw these d—— bars,  
"Aye, aye, d—— their blood, all their roads I'll indite,"  
"They are down, Sir," says Stephen, "Thankye, thankye," says  
Whyte.

The brave pack the mean while rivalled swallows for speed,  
And did justice to him who had managed their breed ;  
Quite unable at length to continue the pace,  
The demise of poor Reynard concluded the chase.  
Then paying for peeping half-a-crown to Dick Knight,  
We returned towards Chulmleigh all mad with delight ;  
There feasted on turtle and other good cheer,  
Drank (18) Bishop, and laughed at our droll auctioneer.

(19) One trifling occurrence will serve to declare  
The wits of Dartmoor men, as keen as the air.  
The President, anxious to take care of each guest :  
With accents most courteous the Vice thus address'd.  
"This turtle by judges is allowed to be nice,  
Do send me your plate for some more, Mr. Vice ;"  
(20) Mister Vice, with a smile that spoke much of disdain,  
Cries, "Sir John (21), it won't do, your quizzing is too plain,"  
Your talking of turtle to me is a hum,  
'Tis just as much turtle as my grandmother's ——"



But spite of opinion so clearly expressed,  
 Thanks were voted to him who had furnished the feast.  
 Next morning I left this good hunting and feeding,  
 Astonished and pleased at the Vice's good breeding.

Stover, 1814.

## NOTES.

- (1) A son of the famous Dick Knight, and first whipper-in to the North Devon Foxhounds.
- (2) Mr. Templer.
- (3) *Puss*.
- (4) Rev. James Coles.
- (5) Lewis Buck, Esq., of Daddon, on *Hussar*, a favourite horse.
- (6) William Ley, Esq., on his favourite mare, *Duck*.
- (7) Rev. James Coles.
- (8) Rev. John Templer, on *Calvin*.
- (9) John Dicker Fortescue, Esq., auctioneer to the club for the sale of horses after dinner.
- (10) James Whyte, Esq., on *Giant*, who would gladly have exchanged him during the run for his favourite black horse *Sweep*.
- (11) John Morth Woolcombe, Esq., on *Silver Sides*, who was much too fat and too slow to go the pace.
- (12) Rev. William Karslake, who always knows where the fox ought to go; but is sometimes mistaken as to where he actually does go.
- (13) Hon. Newton Fellowes.
- (14) Rev. B. Marshall, more apt to find fault with the scent than to follow the hounds.
- (15) W. Stawell, Esq., on a very valuable thorough-bred horse called *Peter Trot*.
- (16) Rev. G. Hole, of Chulmleigh.
- (17) Mr. Fellowes' whipper-in, a valuable assistant in removing impediments, and a very good sportsman.
- (18) A delightful, wholesome, and exhilarating beverage, well worthy the notice of all travellers stopping at the King's Arms, Chulmleigh.
- (19) The trifling occurrence here mentioned is a fact, and if any expression has been used in the description not strictly correct, the "fact" is to blame, and not the author, who has taken some pains to keep on the right side of the post.
- (20) J. M. Woolcombe, Esq.
- (21) Sir John Rogers, Bart., of Blatchford.

## A DAY AT ASHBURY.

1822.

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YE book-learned pedants who ne'er saw a hound,  
Nor heard the twanging horn's mellifluous sound,  
Who seek delight in drudgery and toil,  
Wasting your hours and health o'er midnight oil ;  
Enjoy the right divine yourselves to please,  
And gain much "dignity with little ease ;" (1)  
Yet deign to hear a rustic bard rehearse  
The pleasures of the chase in home spun verse.  
Deep hid beneath the sheltering covert's shade,  
Allies in guilt, two felons sly were laid ;  
Secure in fancied bliss they loved to dose,  
Where bleating lambkins lulled them to repose.  
They saw "the *Promise* of the morn was fair,"  
Nor felt the storm that gathered in the air.  
They knew not, dreamt not, of that gallant crew,  
Who heedless of the chilling blast that blew,  
With hound and horn to Manstey's brake repaired,  
To try the fortune of the day prepared ;  
Keen as the winds that sweep old Broadbury's plain,  
(2) The Lord of Ashbury led the hunting train ;  
Showed the deep brake, and pledged his sporting fame,  
"If Reynard lurks not there, be mine the blame."  
Obedient stood the watchful steady pack,  
Waiting the well-known signal of attack ;  
Then rushing to the matted covert's side,  
With curious nose its deep recesses tried.  
Long time in silence drew each eager hound,  
Before the secret lurking place was found ;  
No doubtful note at length the silence broke,  
And Reynard from his dreams of bliss awoke ;  
Ah ! then the chorus of the chase began,  
Through every heart its thrilling influence ran.  
Reynard alarmed, the unwelcome concert hears,



That burst in thunder on his watchful ears ;  
 And spoke too plain his guilty life at stake,  
 (3) Not *Blossom* opening from the scented brake,  
 Nor *Lavender* nor *Hyacinth* dispense,  
 A keener relish to the ravished sense,  
 Than felt each raptured hound as first he drew  
 The scented gale that perfumed Reynard threw.  
 Awhile the mazes of the gorse he tries,  
 Hard press'd at length before the wind he flies ;  
 Now *Rally* to the head, no longer stay,  
 Away,—away,—hark ! halloo—gone away—  
 (4) To Watling's furze on wings of speed he flew,  
 There taught his dozing friends this truth to rue :  
 A *Crony* roused may prove a bitter foe,  
 “ And *Promise* trusted bring severest woe.”  
 Astonished at the rout, the sleeping pair  
 In haste arose, and left their secret lair ;  
 The fair one slunk behind with cunning true,  
 Her spouse at once broke forth in open view ;—  
 Proud in his strength all meaner shifts he spurned,  
 And on himself the tide of terror turned ;  
 Ah ! lucky husband of a luckless wife,  
 Who lost her freedom though she saved her life ;  
 Hadst thou not fled in that thine hour of need,  
 With more than *Trident's* power and *Racer's* speed,  
 As well mightest thou with *Dragon's* fangs engage,  
 Or tempt the *Hydra's* or the *Torrent's* rage,  
 Not death more sure from their relentless power,  
 Than, Felon, thine, in that eventful hour ;  
*Ransom* nor *Guardsmen* would have turned the blow,  
 Th' unsparing *Leveller* would have laid thee low.  
 Through every field and garden of North Lew,  
 Now *Generous*, *Rustic* ran and *Fairmaid* flew,  
 Here *Blowzy*, *Brimstone*, joined with *Bonnybell*,  
 Th' enlivening chorus of the chase to swell ;  
 Ee'n *Lofty*, *Governess* enjoyed the strain  
 With *Bashful*, *Handmaid* joined in *Nimrod's* train.  
 And *Rakeish*, *Gossip* free to prattle there,  
 With *Lavish* tongue to Reynard screamed despair,  
 Here *Modish*, *Caroline* with *Venus* vied,  
 But *Fortune* hard as *Ebony* denied  
 To one alone the meed of fame to yield,  
 Yet let them share the honours of the field.

Many a long and weary length was pass'd,  
 And Reynard felt his courage sinking fast ;  
 When, lo !—a check !—the devil is to pay !  
 But *Banker* takes it,—so once more away.  
 Th' unwearied pack their loss of ground to gain,  
 Race when they can, and hunt through every stain ;  
 Not *Guilty Jezebel*, though urging still  
 To deeds of blood, more keen than they to kill ;  
 (5) No *Syren's* voice beguiled the well-trained pack,  
 Nor *Riot* drew them from old Reynard's track ;  
 No noisy *Ranter* led them on that day,  
 But *Blameless* all, by turns their power display.  
 Old *Lazarus* forgot his bleeding sores,  
 And pass'd the gulph where rapid *Torridge* roars.  
 The chequered *Mopsy* (6) left the new sown wheat,  
 To those ungifted with her nimble feet ;  
 Swift o'er the wooded boundary she flung,  
 Climbed the steep hills, and cheered them with her tongue.  
 Ah ! Reynard, had the scent continued good,  
 The sun, thy last, had set that night in blood ;  
 Of earthly (7) hope bereaved, no *Safety* (8) near.  
 Thy fate still *Cloudy* threatening in the rear.  
 Kind Heaven in pity bade the hailstorm pour,  
 That left thee free to "go and sin no more."  
 Unused the labours of the chase to sing,  
 Gladly the muse would rest her flagging wing ;  
 But many an honoured name remains unsung,  
 Worthy the praises of an abler tongue.  
 Fearless and first ninth *Harry* (9) urged his course,  
 Charging the fences with resistless force ;  
 Poor *Nunky* pays for all, a friend in deed,  
 So good a *Nunky* proves in time of need.  
 Next he (10) whose voice the listening pack obey  
 (More won by love than cruel treatment they,)   
 Pressed his *Rosina* as he took the field,  
 Withstanding long, but forced at length to yield.  
 (11) *Trelawny* rode secure in *Barbara's* breed,  
 No spur to urge, no curb to check his speed ;  
 None better knew with foxes war to wage,  
 For twenty years experience made him sage.  
 (12) Another came with penetrating eye,  
 Smiling at strangers as he passed them by ;  
 Straight as an arrow to its destined prey,



"He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

(13) The next a soldier who with tightened rein,  
Sore pressed his palfry, scorning to restrain ;  
Kind hearted Louis who, to serve a friend,  
His horse would ride and his own spurs would lend.

(14) But who is he who comes on wings of speed,  
Late, far behind, now pressing to the head ?  
Not false and fleeting, *Clarence* skims the plain,  
Resumes his place and takes the lead again.

Well versed in every chace, a sportsman true, (15)  
Long kept his place among the chosen few ;  
But found his *Monkey* could not do the trick,  
Poor thing ! the rapid motion made him sick.

Here rest awhile our pitying sigh to heave  
(16) For one who could not hunt for want of leave ;  
His stables full, a horse in every stall,  
Young, fresh, and sound, but something ailed them all.  
He wished to hunt, not one was fit to go,

The deuce, not one ?—Smith sternly answered, "No."  
Ah ! ye whose horses or whose courage failed,  
Wholost in bog or ditch your fate bewailed ;  
There framed excuses to conceal disgrace,  
And tell us how and when you lost your place ;  
The muse, in pity to your injured fame,  
Relates the history but conceals the name.

Here one exclaimed :—"By Jove, I've lost a shoe,"  
In other words, a case of real woe ;  
Another cries, "That ploughboy told me wrong,"  
Few dare confess the chase too sharp and long ;  
One rode a hack, another's horse was lame,  
None own the truth, the judgment was to blame ;  
Peace to them all, no doubt they did their best,  
They foremost rode whose steeds were least distressed.

Fatigued at length they gained the welcome road  
That leads to Ashbury, Woolcombe's kind abode :  
There welcomed by the smiling hostess home,  
They talked of dangers past and days to come ;  
And as around the mantling claret passed  
Drunk to new joys more rapturous than the last ;  
Till midnight o'er their toils her mantle throws,  
And bids them steep their limbs in sweet repose.

Oh ! happy they who thus enjoy the day  
And sleep the duller hours of night away ;

Pleasure their business, and their only care,  
 New joys to find that friends may freely share.  
 To all who thus would live, just Heaven be kind,  
 And grant the means where thou hast given the mind.  
 Reader, forgive the muse's rude essay,  
 Nor frown destruction on her sportive lay ;  
 Her only wish to please some valued friend,  
 Her only dread lest any she offend.

Stover, 1822.

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## NOTES AND REMARKS.

(1) *Otium cum dignitate.*

(2) J. Morth Woolcombe, Esq., at whose hospitable mansion the party here described were assembled, an excellent sportsman, 1822. *Eheu, Eheu ! quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore.* But the pledge remains, *Stat promissa fides*, 1861.—(Note by author.)

(3) This and the subsequent words in italics are the names of the hounds and horses.

(4) A brake in which a brace of fresh foxes were disturbed, one of which, a dog fox, afforded the run here described, and the other, a vixen, two days after, was taken up alive, before the hounds, after a capital run.

(5) *Syren*, *Riot*, and *Ranter* were not out on this day.

(6) Mopsy or Moppett, a figure used to frighten birds from the corn.

(7) The earths were all stopped.

(8) This hound was flung by some accident in the early part of the run, and did not come up with the pack afterwards.

(9) Rev. Harry Taylor, nicknamed at Eton Harry the Ninth, mounted on his favourite horse *Nunky*. This gentleman has a very awkward trick of riding before everybody else, and not unfrequently catches the fox before the hounds.

(10) Mr. Templer, who hunts his own hounds, and at whose particular desire the author has given him the second place in the run, for, as he has observed with some truth, "if he was not there he ought to have been there." At any rate, if his mare was only four years old, and too fat, much allowance should be made for the animal and its rider.

(11) Lewis William Salusbury Trelawny, Esq., not more remarkable for his good qualities than his eccentric notions. This gentleman rides a runaway in a plain snaffle, a slug without spurs, gives his horse plenty of cold water after a hard day, and drinks sour cider himself to cure the heartburn.



(12) Captain John Dicker Inglett Fortescue, who employed the leisure hours of three years in teaching his servant to ride his horses with the same hand and seat as himself, in which, it must be confessed, he was eminently successful. The Captain is a quiet straightforward sportsman, and if he had his due would have been placed before the huntsman, on the occasion here alluded to.

(13) Captain Louis, R.A., commonly called Mat Louis, who remarked to the author, on his observing that he was holding his friend's horse in very tightly,—"Yes, d—— him; but I have got both spurs in."

(14) J. M. Woolcombe, Esq., on *Clarence*; a fatal instance of the ill effects of knowing a country when a flying fox is on foot. A wrong cast lost him the best part of a run, but superior speed and judgment retrieved the error towards the conclusion.

(15) A clergyman whose namesake keeps a large number of waggon horses. It has been said that he rode one of them on this occasion, but it is generally believed that this was not the fact; but the horse he did ride ate too freely of some barley chaff in a barn, where the Rev. Gentleman passed some hours previous to the run—*Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo*.

(16) A gentleman who was unable to join the party on the day here described, was still anxious to be included in this history, and is introduced accordingly as one instance among many that a captain of the navy may command a ship's company with great credit, but must himself learn to submit to a superior officer. It is not impossible that as the horses were young, fresh, and sound, and yet the "Smith" said they were not fit to go, that they might have had no shoes on.—Acland Barbor, Esq., of Fremington.

## A PARTY AT STOVER.

1823.

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YE gentlemen sportsmen, whosoever ye be,
That delight in hexameters, listen to me :—
I sing of a party assembled at Stover,
To hunt in the morning, and feast when 'twas over ;
All spirits determined as e'er followed a fox,
On Dartmoor's wild mountains through morasses and rocks.

Ah ! terrible Dartmoor, ever covered with snows,
" Too far out for blowing flies, too wretched for crows."
How keen must the man be, how contented his mind,
Who in horrors like these any pleasure can find—
Such philosophers live, and such heroes are they,
Whose feats my poor metre shall attempt to display.

(1) When all have great merit 'twould be hard to begin,
If precedence belonged not of course to a King ;
In royalty's person you seldom will find,
A good fellow and sportsman together combined ;
One exception there is, for of sportsmen the best,
And a hearty good soul, is John King of the West.

(2) His spirits so wild, the heir apparent of Fleet,
Hardly knows if he stands on his head or his feet ;
Now in ecstasy screaming, now sunk in despair,
Having rather too eagerly hallooed a hare.
Barring fistulas, spavins, curbs, windgalls and wounds,
His horses are able, fit to go to the hounds.

(3) His spruce little cousin, though not yet clothed in pink,
Not a fence or barr'd gate in the country would blink ;

Such a good natured soul he would never complain
 Of good sport in the day, and at dinner champagne ;
 One wish of all others was most near his mind
 That d——d vulpecides all hell's perdition might find.

Paul the poet was there, immortal his verse is, (4)
 Heaven grant that I never may merit his curses ;
 To defend myself from them, Muse, teach me the way,
 He's too honest to flatter, too bold to dismay.
 Like a mine unexplored are the stores of his mind,
 The more deeply you search the more wealth you will find.

Old Sarum, too, came, who, compared with some people, (5)
 Might perhaps be mistaken for Salisbury steeple ;
 For my part I have seen him again and again,
 And always have found him honest Salisbury plain.
 You may laugh at his maxims, but admire the man,
 And as for his horses, let him beat them who can.

The Dominican Friar, ripe for all sorts of fun, (6)
 From pursuing a fox to confessing a nun ;
 To teach himself patience brought Job in his train,
 And his horses to prove that his living was plain.
 When young he was reckoned a very great sinner,
 Now he fasts every day from breakfast to dinner.

In his politics wrapt, but all right in his heart, (7)
 Came a rider of note from the banks of the Dart ;
 Adhesive by nature to hounds and the table,
 He neither would leave whilst to stay he was able.
 No good sportsman or friend need account it disgrace,
 If 'twere said that he stuck like a Leach to his place.

Oh ! forget not the Parson though his stature is low, (8)
 He's a rum one to face, a rare good one to go ;
 His preaching and practice are both fairly renowned,
 For his lessons are good, and his doctrine is sound ;
 And if Reynard cross country should lead the staunch pack ;
 'Tis a devilish good rider who follows old Jack.

Par nobile fratrum from Old Buckland there came, (9)
 Two tight little fellows, real cocks of the game ;
 Little Erving for ever good natured and gay,
 And 'Squire William who mounted *Whitestockings* that day ;

A true lover of sporting whatever the lark,
In utrumque paratus,—Amen, says old Clarke.

Among others at Stover who honoured the board,
 Was a Taylor, by nature more fit for a lord ; (10)
 In the field or at home never out of his place,
 The poor "Let 'em alones," could they state their own case,
 Would say that one Taylor had rode to them fairly,
 And despite of his trade had whipp'd them in rarely.

(11) Another prime minister rode from the North,
 Of his talents Southmolton can best tell the worth
 So prone to the chase that he followed each scent,
 From the stag in the forest to "bubble a vent ;"
 More attached to his bed than a lover of wine,
 He was sure to be sound on his pillow by nine.

(12) From the Commons there came a blue-bearded dandy,
 (Robins says from the Lords), old Hercules Gandy ;
 Proud he rose in his strength, and without any science,
 Set professors of boxing and art at defiance ;
 Made his arguments good in despite of their blows,
 Then in perfect good humour withdrew to repose.

(13) Who is he that comes smiling so much at his ease,
 Taking hedges for billows and mountains for seas ?
 He's a true British tar, without scruple or fear,
 Swears more oaths in a day than some folks in a year ;
 These are words and not wishes that escape from his mouth,
 Not an honester fellow there dwells in the South.

(14) Highland laddie, why left you your little retreat,
 Your green pastures so gay, your garden so neat ?
 'Twas a *Whiterose* that brought you so far from your home,
 But mark me, young wanderer, what has happened to some,
 May next happen to you, when it comes to the push,
 Beware, lest your *Whiterose* give you reason to blush.

(15) A sportsman amphibious from a vessel of war,
 Who discerned in a peace greater pleasures by far ;
 All the sports of the morning enjoyed, and at night
 On a sofa reclining, repos'd from the fight ;
 How enchanting the strains that escaped from his nose,
 Of a mind well at ease how they spoke the repose.

(16) And why should the master alone of old Stover,
 Have his merits and faults in silence passed over ?
 If means were but ample his heart is right willing
 In receiving his friends to spend his last shilling,
 Lest men should denounce him a saint or a spoony,
 He keeps everything but his temper and money.

NOTES.

- (1) John King, Esq.
- (2) John Cooker Bulteel, Esq., of Fleet.
- (3) Thomas Bulteel, Esq.
- (4) Paul Treby, Esq., called by a friend, Byron the 2nd.
- (5) Salusbury Trelawny, Esq.,
- (6) Rev. Edward Clarke, Rector of St. Dominick.
- (7) George Leach, Esq.
- (8) Rev. J. Templer, jun.
- (9) William and Erving Clarke, Esqrs.
- (10) Rev. H. Taylor.
- (11) Rev. J. Russell.
- (12) Charles Gandy, Esq.,
- (13) J. Twisden, Esq., R.N.
- (14) John Lyne Templer, Esq., of Highland House.
- (15) J. Avern, Esq., R.N.
- (16) George Templer, Esq., of Stover.

THE CHASE.

THE morning was cloudy, but John Roberts (17) was gay,
With blue coat and cloth knee caps he rode his lame grey,
(18) John Squire on a Fleet horse, (19) 'twixt dying and dead,
To enliven the scene was equipped in bright red,
And Battershill (20) mounted on a rare bit of blood ;
Went to draw for a fox in Canon Teign wood.
But before they got there, news was brought that a fox
Was seen taking a nap upon Netton Cleave rocks ;
Straightway changing their course, they soon laid the brave pack
As close to poor Reynard as the brush to his back ;
In music unversed 'twas no very great wonder,
He mistook their sweet tongues for a long peal of thunder.
Alarmed at the first, he made the best of his way,
But soon found that the hunters were only in play ;
For regardless of him they were stretched on the hills,
Admiring their boot tops and adjusting their frills ;
As the peacock displays to the sunbeams his tail,
Most prudently silent lest his organs should fail ;
So the mute whippers-in placed on high for a show
Spread their acres of scarlet nor ventured below.
John Roberts meanwhile in the depth of the valley,
Alone was endeavouring his forces to rally ;
When he looked at the country and looked at his hounds
Scattered over the face of it, covered with wounds.
Very likely, he thought, and, no doubt, he thought true,
If his coat had been red he would still have looked blue ;
Oh ! then he bethought him of Paul Treby's verses,
And took out his glasses to read o'er his curses (21).
The rivers he damned and the bushes he blasted,
'Twas a terrible burst so long as it lasted ;
But finding his wishes were but labour in vain,
He returned to his temper and hounds once again.
Then frightened the woods and astonished the rocks,
Ran a badger to ground which he christened a fox ;
Returing to Stover, sad and pensive the while,

There regaled on made dishes and brought on the bile.
 The next morning a pack of diminutive size (22),
 Held in sovereign contempt by some keepers of cries ;
 Found a gallant old varmint in Staple Hill wood,
 And stuck to his brush as if they'd been glued.
 Over Ingsdon he fled straight for Ashburton down,
 Such a pace 'twas no wonder the horses were blown ;
 Swift as arrows of light they skim over the plain,
 Then sweep like the torrent the deep valleys again.
 The good sportsmen had surely no cause to be vext,
 If it thundered one day, they had lightning the next ;
 Like its flash their high spirits too vivid to last,
 The poor little creatures could no longer go fast.
 Having ran far from home being quite out of breath,
 And, excepting their own, not a chance of a death ;
 They heard, or they fancied they heard somebody say,
 "Let alone that there fox, come away, hounds, away !"

Then contented they sought their own kennel once more,
 And eye'd like their betters the foxheads on the door ;
 Poor John Roberts, to prove that his courage was stout,
 Though bilious and seedy, once again ventured out.
 In the coverts of Whiteway sly Reynard was found,
 He was badgered all day and at night went to ground ;
 There arose on his future disposal some doubt,
 But at length 'twas discovered in digging him out
 That the fox had decided the difficult matter,
 By drowning himself, through despair, in the water ;
 On the following day the attack was renewed,
 By that squeaking, presumptuous, diminutive brood.
 As matter of course they again were defeated,
 Again to their kennel heart-broken retreated.
 Nothing further of note occurred during their stay,
 But that Roberts remained in a very whisht way ;
 He felt that his hour of departure was come,
 And with tears in his eyes he begged hard to go home.
 But the doctor affirmed it would cost him his life,
 While some recommended sending home for his wife ;
 The consequence was of this shocking disaster
 A council of war to select a new master.
 Will Batteshell soon was appointed to head 'em,
 Having once before been in the kennel to feed 'em ;
 From the benches with music he ushered them out,
 He had heard of the music of Orpheus no doubt.

Delighted with freedom the pack followed a-while,
 But paired off by degrees at the end of a mile ;
 Till on reaching the covert, Will found to his cost,
 That of twenty-four couple full fifteen were lost.
 So electors of Devon at first will shout loud,
 And huzza for the man that talks most to the crowd ;
 But finding at length that his promises fail,
 Like the hounds of John Roberts they fairly turn tail.
 Then homeward they ramble resolved ever to stick,
 To the man that has proved he can best do the trick ;
 (23) A few words of advice let me offer to you,
 My good brother sportsmen, ere I bid you adieu :—
 'Tis hard to be perfect, but the duty of man
 Still to aim at perfection as near as he can ;
 Let not prejudice mar your best hopes of success,
 And good fortune will fail not your efforts to bless.
 Pode and Hamlyn and Kelly are all of them good,
 But old Beaufort's your mark if you want the best blood.

Stover, 1822.

NOTES.

(17) Mr. Pode's huntsman, who could not be persuaded to wear a scarlet coat.

(18) One of Mr. Pode's whippers-in.

(19) This does not mean a fast horse, but a horse belonging to Mr. J. C. Bulteel, of Fleet House.

(20) Second whipper-in to Mr. Pode's hounds.

(21) A set of verses, by Paul Treby, Esq., written on a warrener who had killed two foxes, but forming a useful pocket companion, as they may be made applicable to all occasions, and comprise every variety of curse that can be bestowed on man, in this world or in the next.

(22) A pack of well bred little beagles, belonging to Mr. Templer, commonly known by the name of the "Let 'em alones."

(23) This advice is offered in consequence of the remark of a gentleman of high talent, who had lately returned from a visit to most of the best kennels in England, that "after all he had seen nothing in any of them equal to Mr. Pode's hounds."—The advice is orthodox in 1861. (Note by author.)

T. T.—THE ATTORNEY.

(BY THE LATE GEORGE TEMPLER, ESQ., OF STOVER.)

FRIENDS ! neighbours ! countrymen ! I take
The liberty to warn ye,
Against that universal scourge,
A rascally Attorney.

Pandora's box of bitter pills,
That vex us on life's journey ;
And all its thousand nameless ills,
Are centered in—Attorney.

The canker-worm of social bliss,
The serpents that suborn us,
From honour, honesty and truth,
Are treacherous—Attornies.

That wicked wretch in Paradise,
For so the Scriptures learn ye,
Who did deceive our mother Eve,
Was he, the arch—Attorney ?

Who tempted Judith to destroy,
The Captain Holofernes ?
Old Chabris, Chamris and Ozias,
I guess they were Attornies.

And what's the curse of magistrates ?
Go ask Sir Richard Birnie,
When justice, law and reason's foiled,
'Tis done by an Attorney.

Each village that you travel through,
The first thing you discover, is
A plate of brass in letters large,
Some "Rogue and Co."—Attornies.

In managing your matters there,
The only thing to learn is,
To keep in bounds, and keep yourself
From villanous Attornies.

No victim in the devil's den,
 I reckon so forlorn is,
 As is within the higher world,
 The victim of Attornies.

When debts and claims are plaguing him,
 The thought a constant thorn is,
 All others may be satisfied,
 But never the Attornies.

Tho' late to rest and early rise,
 Yet all that he can earn is,
 Like stubble in the oven burnt,
 Devoured by Attornies.

When lands are gone and body bare,
 As every child's unborn is,
 The wretch may call his soul his own,
 His skin is,—his Attorney's.

Unhappy wight!—when to the quick,
 The laws keen shares have shorn thee,
 Disgusted with thy nakedness,
 Walks off the sly,—Attorney.

Yet still with base ingratitude,
 The heartless wretch will spurn thee,
 And thou shall bless the poverty,
 That shakes off,—the Attorney.

From good men's hate I'll screen the wretch,
 Whose name my bitter curse is,
 To yield him to the deeper curse,
 The friendship of—Attornies.

Oh! if I had a darling child,
 May flames of brimstone burn me,
 I'd rather cut its pretty throat,
 Than breed him,—an Attorney.

But if I had an imp from where
 The Latins call *A verni*,
 God give him grace to fill the place,
 I'd make him an—Attorney.

When bloody Mary's bigot zeal,
 Made scores of bishops burn,—she
 Far better had the country served,
 By roasting one,—Attorney.

Although compassionate and mild,
 As sentimental Sterne is,
 I still anathemas can find,
 'Gainst that vile race,—Attornies.

Of Heaven a Pandæmonium,
 The only thing to form is,
 Take angels, saints and cherubims,
 And make them all—Attornies.

As there's in sin a grade ;—and that
 Of lesser rogues, the scorn is,
 The damnable monopoly
 Of dæmons and Attornies.

Oh ! he will have a jubilee,
 And double heat his furnace,
 When he of you a boiling gets,
 You double damned Attornies.

The timber of the gallows tree,
 Most gladly would I furnish,
 And give a rope of crimson tape,
 To hang up all—Attornies.

A gaol I'd build on purpose,
 And Hare should be the turnkey,
 With license and authority
 For burking each Attorney.

That subject for anatomy,
 No friends ye'd have to mourn ye,
 And all the world should deem it fair
 To cut up—an Attorney.

When I awake from slumber,
 My first prayer in the morn is,
 O help me from the devil, Lord,—
 And still more from Attornies.

And when at night I go to bed,
 It always my concern is,
 To finish with a bumper toast,
 Damnation to Attornies.

Then I will lead a pious life,
 And when to die my turn is,
 May my soul find a resting-place,
 Where there are no Attornies.

MY OLD HORN.

THOUGH toil hath somewhat worn thy frame,
And time hath marred thy beauty ;
Come forth, lone relic of my fame,
Thou well hast done thy duty.

Time was when other tongues would praise,
Thy wavering notes of pleasure ;
Now, miser-like, alone I gaze
On thee—a useless treasure.

Some hearts may prize thy music still,
But, ah ! how changed the story ;
Since first Devonian felt the thrill,
That roused her sporting glory.

Grace still in every vale abounds,
But one dear charm is wanting ;
No more I hear my gallant hounds
In chorus blithely chanting.

And there my steed has found a rest,
Beneath the mountain heather ;
That oft, like comrades sworn, we've prest
In pleasure's train together.

And some who at thy call would wake,
Hath friendship long been weeping ;
A shriller note than thine must break,
Their deep and dreamless sleeping.

I, too, the fading wreath resign,
For friends and fame are fleeting ;
Around his bolder brow to twine, (*)
Where younger blood is beating.

Henceforth be mute, my treasured horn,
Since time hath marred thy beauty ;
And I, like thee, by toil am worn,
We both have done our duty.

(*) In allusion to his successor, Sir Walter Carew, who has, in his after career in Devonshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire, fully justified the laudatory predictions of his friend and preceptor.

ON READING G. TEMPLER'S PARTING ADDRESS TO HIS HORN.

(BY PAUL TREBY.)

'Twas when I heard thy parting song,
And sad yet sweet adieu ;
A rush of feeling drove along,
And brought past scenes to view.

Methought I heard that horn's shrill sound,
And that melodious voice,
Which sweetly cheered the leading hound,
And bade us all rejoice.

Methought I saw that brilliant smile,
Flit o'er thy sunny face ;
Which oft thy comrades did beguile,
Thy comrades of the chase.

Alas ! 'twas but a pleasant thought,
A vision of the day,
By nights of melancholy wrought,
Those joys have passed away.

Enough ! No muse's aid I seek,
To greet thee ere we part ;
For me the trickling tear must speak—
For me, the throbbing heart.

THE GRAVE OF "SKYLARK,"

(A FAVOURITE HUNTRESS, ON QUARRY PARK HILL,
HAYNE.)

'NEATH the bright turf now pressed no more by feet,
Once as the bounding deer as strong and fleet ;
Brave in the ready deed and pure in race,
Low lies the loved companion of the chase.
Above the waving linden rears its head,
And modest violets o'er her relics spread,
Wave o'er that grave, the wilding rose, and pale
In silver dew, the lily of the vale.
There, as I stand, and view the distant scene,
The well known brook, the copse woods tangled screen ; (*)
The long, long past comes stealing o'er the mind,
And her free spirit breathes in every wind.
Still at the cherished name remembrance sighs,
And vain regrets for vanished worth arise ;
Cold is that dauntless heart, the spirit flown,
All save her treasured memory is gone.

(*) Sleugh Wood.

SONG.

IN MEMORIAM.

ONE,—one saving hour with thee,
Give me back, of brightness past,
What time youth, with spring tide glee,
O'er our path its fulness cast,
And each friend thy silver word,
Rich with veriest welcome, heard,
And the lights danced on the wall,
Of the well-remembered hall. (*)

Over mead and through the wood,
Eager hound and horseman came,
And they vanished by the flood, (†)
In their course, like thing of flame ;
And, the jocund word, awhile,
Kindled many a ready smile,
Homeward, cheerily, one and all,
Wending to the open hall.

Three they were,—aye ever three, (‡)
First and peerless,—where are they ?
Friendship pales and memories flee,
To an unforgotten day,
Which may beam on life again,
Never, never, for the twain,
And the one shall idly call,
The loved names in the silent hall.

Thou art gone,—all lowly laid,
Gentle may thy portion be,
And as thou hast done and said,
Be it even unto thee.
Fare thee well,—the shadows fall,
Tree and turret bear the pall,
Veiling the empurpled wall,
Of the solitary hall. (§)

(*) Stover.

(†) A large expression, comprising those who faced the brook successfully, and those who went to the bottom.

(‡) The memorable triumvirate of Templer, Taylor and Russell.

(§) The first and fourth stanzas have been arranged for music, and dedicated to the Rev. J. Russell.

ERRATA.

Page 14, line 27, for "or" read "and."

Page 31, line 33, for "twisting his hand round the tail," read "twisting the tail round his hand."

Page 41, in the list of stalls, insert Sir W. TRELAWNY—*Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas.*

EXETER :

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